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TELL JESUS:

RECOLLECTIONS OF EMILY GOSSE.

BY

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NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY T. Y. CROWELL.
744 BROADWAY.

SRLF
oc/39537742

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INTRODUCTION.

MY recollections of one dear to us, and dearer still to God, have no pretension to be termed a memoir.

Out of the many testimonies that Emily Gosse bore for her beloved Lord, my memory most vividly retains those which affected my own spiritual life; this has, therefore, obliged me to write more of myself than I desired.

My acquaintance with her, which was rapidly to ripen into an everlasting friendship, began only in the last two years of her earthly pilgrimage, and I did but gather up the crumbs from the table, at which she feasted with the King. These have been multiplied as the fragments of old, and

have nourished others; for the Lord commanded them to be gathered.

Among many witnesses to the blessing which has followed the simple incidents of the following pages, and induced me to commit them to the press, was a dear Christian girl, to whom the recital bore a message as distinct as the angel's commission to the women at the tomb of the risen Jesus.

A fortnight after I had told her of the value to my soul of the two words which form the title of my "Recollections," she said:

"Last Monday I was asked by Mrs. ——" (a West End milliner to whom she was apprenticed), "to take a bonnet to a lady in Hyde Park. It was required by a certain hour. Quite unexpectedly to me, when I arrived at the house, the lady desired some alteration to be made, and I was requested to go into the drawing-room and make it there, as not sufficient time remained for me to return with it.

"The work was beyond my experience;

I was so nervous, I could not thread my needle; I was afraid to touch what our best hands had put together. I knew not what to do. The servant placed the materials before me, and explained what was required, and I was left alone.

"All at once the words you said the last time I came to you flashed through my mind. 'Do not fret: tell Jesus. Tell Jesus everything; he will guide and help you.' I thought, as I looked at the white tulle and flowers, 'Can I ask him to help me with this bonnet?' You had told me that Mrs. Gosse had said that she would ask Jesus to guide her to a pin, if she wanted one.

"I did tell Jesus; I asked to be directed in my difficult task, and also for the lady to be disposed to like the bonnet when it was finished. Soon I lost all nervousness; the alteration was completed, and the lady returned for answer, that it was quite to her taste. Then, for the first time, I understood the meaning of a 'Living Jesus,' and from that hour I learned the comfort of telling him everything."

And it was true. After that time there was a vitality in the spiritual life of this dear child, which is often sorely lacking in more advanced Christians. Without Jesus, we can do nothing; with him, all things are possible. We may darken counsel by words without knowledge. Vainly of ourselves we set bread before the hungry. Unless he eat thereof, however much he admires the feast, it profiteth him nothing.

This early gathered blossom was another seal to the faithfulness of Him who saith, "Them that honor me I will honor." The most striking feature of her new life, in the brief hour of testimony accorded to her below, was the simplicity of her faith, which enabled her to realize unceasing fellowship with Jesus, to the joy of her own soul, and the strengthening and refreshing of others.

To the faint-hearted, who see little or no result from their labors, I would say, "Be patient." It was only in the last days of her life that my helpful friend knew that in any way she had been blessed to me. I did

not at once use the privilege which she had shown me was mine; but, blending with her unconscious influence, the seed was more efficiently taking root, and fulfilling that for which I had been sent to her. I "kept all these things, and pondered them" in my heart.

I lacked the realization of that first truth, that the Son of God, in the glory of the Father, which he had with him before the foundation of the world, remained in his high-priestly office the Son of Man, touched with the feeling of our infirmities. And of the perfect humanity of Jesus, which made him still the brother born for adversity, I knew nothing.

The daily life of one whose eye is single is full of light, and cannot fail to speak for God. "They shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them." But of the times and seasons when this shall be manifest knoweth no man. We walk by faith, not by sight.

It is enough that he has said that our labor for him shall not be in vain. Prayer is answered, we know; but there is no promise as to manner or time. God's way is the safest; God's time is the best.

The dews of many a night of weeping, and the scorching breath of many a furnace fire, passed over the Word of Life in my soul before I entered into its power, therefore, while we watch and pray, let us hope in God. "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain!"

Dear reader, if you know Jesus as your Saviour, beware lest Satan beguile you to believe that you have one want or care too minute for the consideration of the God of the whole earth. All things were made by him and for him.

Soon after I began to observe this truth, I was sitting, in a time of weakness and loneliness, on the sea-shore — a stranger in a strange place. It soothed me to watch the

tide, as it ebbed, sweep away or deposit some stray shell or weed upon the strand; and I mused on the mission of some of the treasures that, in its mighty tide-work, the sea brought or left behind.

It was an evening in autumn, and not a loiterer was left on the shore, excepting a nurse and two young children — the elder a fine boy of about four years old.

The child looked wistfully at me. I smiled at him, and he returned it. In a few minutes I felt a light touch upon my arm, and his blooming cheek was laid on my knee, as he earnestly gazed in my face with an expression of loving sympathy. Perhaps he had some sick one at home, and knew the power of his sweet smiles. No matter: God sent him.

We talked together like old friends, and my heart lost its loneliness beneath the loving ministration. At length he started off beyond my reach. I watched him eagerly seeking among the weeds for shells. One after another he held them to the light, cast

ing aside each one that was broken, as unsuitable for his purpose.

At last his busy fingers held up one which gave him satisfaction, and after examining it carefully, he polished it with his coat, and then, with a triumphant smile, advanced and laid it on my knee; then, stepping back a few paces, he evidently enjoyed my unfeigned delight. "For YOU," he lisped out — "only for you — all for you," as if I might doubt my right to his gift.

Amid tender words and kisses we said farewell, and my little God-sent messenger reluctantly obeyed the call of his nurse, and followed her.

The shell lay in my hand; my soul had risen like a lark above the clouds; and, with a glad "Hallelujah," I praised the God of the whole earth.

Again the little fellow was at my side, breathless. He gave an anxious glance at the shell, and then looked coaxingly in my face, while he said, "You will not give it away, will you?" I assured him I would

keep it and prize it for his sake. The child was gone, and I saw him no more.

I do not own many treasures; if I have any, I count that fragile shell among the choicest of them — a token from my heavenly Father's hand. His baby minstrel had tuned my heart to songs of gladness: his music, the lisping words of a child; his instrument, a tiny transparent shell, that not a wave could break without his will. I went on my way rejoicing.

Such an incident is puerile to those who have not cherished the remembrance of sadness and tears which manifested the soothing hand of the compassionate God-man while he whispered, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Some few years ago a remarkable trial for murder took place in Paris. The facts were briefly as follows: — A man who had lived unhappily with his wife determined to poison her. Long he waited his opportunity of administering the deadly powder. One day, during their dinner, while serving,

the husband mixed the poison in his wife's food; but when he had done so, he could not endure to see her eat it, and, making some excuse, he arose and left the table. During his absence from the room, and before the wife could partake of the food, her eye was attracted by a spider, which let itself down by its thread from the ceiling upon her plate, over which it crawled. Disgusted at the sight, she could not eat her portion, but thinking that, as her husband had not seen it, it would not affect him, she changed their plates before he re-entered the room. The man ate, and in a short time was seized with cramp, and every symptom of poison was evident. The woman was taken into custody on suspicion of having poisoned him. She declared her innocence, and, on being questioned, related the circumstance of the spider, which caused her to change plates. The husband struck by the wonderful work of a little spider in staying his hand from murder, confessed all, and died.

The ant, the spider, the limpet on the rock, the mote that dances in the sunbeam, have each their assigned place; and He who created them can use them for his own will and pleasure. He formed the mysterious chords within us, that thrill or sadden beneath a touch, discerned by none but himself. Nor is he who rules the worlds unmindful of the least want or sigh of the soul that he has died to save.

"Casting ALL your care upon him," does not imply such concerns as the natural intellect may decide on as fit occasions for faith and prayer. It necessarily includes whatsoever can burden, or tempt, or grieve a child of that Father, who declares that the very hairs of our head are numbered.

Prove the blessed truth of faith in Jesus. Give him the first place in your heart and counsels; soon you will feel that you cannot do without him in the least matter, and every occasion of going to him will result in new manifestations of his love and faithfulness. Only try it!

Whate'er thy sin, whate'er thy sorrow be,
Tell all to JESUS; He who, looking where
The weary-hearted weep, still draweth near
To listen fondly to the half-formed prayer,
And read the silent pleading of a tear.
Lose not thy privilege, O silent soul!
Pour out thy sorrow at thy Saviour's feet.
What outcast spurns the hand that gives the dole?
Oh let him hear thy voice! To him thy voice is sweet.

I am greatly indebted to Mr. Gosse for permission to extract from his narrative, "the last days on earth" of his beloved wife.*

I also acknowledge the affectionate testimony of one who knew her worth, and walked with her in an unbroken friendship for nearly twenty years. Among the cups of cold water, given because we belong to Jesus, may he remember her heart-cheering sympathy in this feeble effort to bear witness to the experimental blessedness of fellowship with God in Christ Jesus; not only for ourselves and for the church, but before the world. It is committed to Him whose

* "A Memorial of the Last Days on Earth of Emily Gosse. By her husband, Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S."

blessing can alone cause it to speak for him, and to him be all the glory.

I have but gathered one ear of the precious grain of Emily Gosse's harvest: sowing and reaping, we shall rejoice together.

TELL JESUS.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE.

"The memory of the just is blessed."—PROV. x. 7.

WAS still groping in the twilight of spiritual dawn when I first met Emily Gosse. She appeared to me then, as she lives in my memory to this hour, as one of God's epistles, known and read of all men, whose influence, through the love therein written, leaves the reader nearer heaven than it found him.

I had passed from death unto life, though I was not peacefully resting on the infallible testimony of the Word of

God that it was so. I was seeking for assurance from the ever-varying testimony of feeling, encumbered by errors and superstitions, and only a little while before had I even known the way of salvation. I acknowledged that Jesus, the only begotten Son of God, was the Saviour of sinners, and that therefore, knowing myself a sinner, I might lay claim to redemption from eternal death through him. But I was seldom able to say, "*My* Saviour." That he had saved me from the doom of the scorner, I could understand; but as my Saviour from sin — as the Good Physician — as the counselor of my daily difficulties — as the risen living Jesus — the companion and friend of my life, I had not then beheld him.

Until I met Emily Gosse, I had never seen a child of God following the Lord fully, in happy, cheerful confidence; nor witnessed Christ and his glory in the life of man or woman, as the one sole object

of their existence. The sight of it in her won my heart to desire the same happy path of single-eyed service. I remember with what silent delight I watched her unconscious testimony for *Him*, who was ere long to be realized in my soul as my own living, loving Lord!

I had arranged to pass the last summer months of that to me eventful year in the near neighborhood of old friends, pleasant to me after the flesh, but in nowise adapted to lead me on the heavenly road, on which, though blindfolded and lame, I had set forth.

Business required my presence in London, previously to taking possession of my apartments. While there, a lady, almost a stranger, called, and requested, as a personal favor, that I would accompany a young relative to the coast, partly with a view to change of air, but more particularly to give her and a friend the opportunity of meeting with Mr. Gosse, for the

purpose of studying the world of wonders beneath the waters, for which his interesting works had prepared them. To this day, when my eyes rest upon an aquarium (for never since that year have I seen those mysterious sea-flowers in the crystal pools of their own rocky homes,) I retrace the links which drew me nearer to the great Creator of their beauty, and read therein, not only tokens of his infinite wisdom, but a message of love known only to him and me.

My plans were made, and very pleasant plans they seemed. They had been formed without any reference to the will of the Lord in the matter. I knew, by the hearing of the ear, that he taketh heed of the fall of the sparrow, yet I honored him not by believing that *he* setteth the bounds of the habitation of the feeblest child of his family. I had not disregarded my proximity to the means of grace, in my settlement in my new abode;

but I had equally sought to be near my friends.

I at once declined the invitation to the coast, and that so decidedly, that the lady could no longer press it, and we parted. The Lord was guiding, though blind eyes saw it not. On the eve of my quitting London the lady returned, more urgent in her request than even before. Perhaps she had prayed that it might be granted; certain it is, that the Lord's purpose of infinite love was in it; for suddenly, without being able to assign any cause for the change in my feelings all my former disinclination to her proposal vanished. Without any further objection, I consented to accompany her young friends to Ilfracombe, whither they were going for the purpose of studying the zoophytes, in which pursuit they were deeply interested.

In place, therefore, of returning to my self-chosen nest, I went forth, and continue up to this day a pilgrim, whose only home is in heaven.

It was a dreary and fatiguing journey, and its termination offered nothing to compensate for much that I had given up to undertake it. I felt weary and lonely, as every living soul must be, apart from the changeless peace which is found in Jesus only.

The second week of our stay had closed, and I was ardently longing for the time of our departure; but my heavenly Father had ordained it all, and had guided me, though I knew it not. It was at this juncture that he sent to my side the wise and tender minister of good tidings, in the wife of the Christian naturalist of whom I was hearing so much.

As soon as I saw the face of Mrs. Gosse, I longed to know her better. She was fair, and appeared more youthful than her years from her small delicate features, and the artless childlike smile which lighted her countenance when animated. I have seen it literally sparkling with joy, when unex-

pectedly brought into contact with those who loved her Lord, or when recognizing some expression of his ever watchful care.

Whether the Lord veiled the state of my spiritual life from her, I know not. I listened to her with unmixed pleasure, though I hardly dare aver that I was fed. But I marked her steps, and they chimed sweet music ; the bells proclaimed " Holiness unto the Lord." There was much new and strange to me ; some intermediate tones seemed lacking in my soul for perfect harmony between what I had received and that which I beheld in her.

Anticipations of a home undisturbed by sin or sorrow, where I could forever behold Jesus, had often filled my heart with gladness. I read that he was gone to prepare a place for his people, and had promised to come again and receive them to himself. These thoughts brooding in my soul became more tangible, as I saw her daily rejoicing in the expectation of

the return of the Lord Jesus, with the assurance of faith born only of the Spirit.

But how could I rejoice in the coming of the Lord, when I was not at all sure that he was coming for *me?* I felt, for the first time, the power of the life of a child of God, walking with him in cheerful childlike confidence in his love. I yearned for that good land which she possessed, though I was not at all convinced that *her* blessed inheritance was — could be — for one so unworthy — for me, such a sinner!

I had never seen the simplicity of faith which ever walks in heavenly humility. Not the humility of servile fear, which the world recognizes in sighs and groans over the old Adam's utter corruption; but the trustful gaze fixed on Jesus, that says, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief; *therefore* my hope is in him. He is my strength, and the lifter up of my head."

Such a posture of soul better glorifies the Lord of life than when our eyes rise no higher than self, forgetting that we were created for his praise.

I so feebly apprehended the high-priestly office of him who was exalted for the remission of sins, that I thought I had still something to *do*, and that perhaps for years, to test my sincerity, before I could live with Jesus in the same sweet familiar intimacy as my new friend.

She was a wise mother in Israel; she did not cavil at my crude opinions, nor combat my errors. She did not argue points of difference, which would have arrayed my dominant pride and obstinacy against her; neither did she appear amazed at my ignorance. Her aim was to show Jesus in his love and loveliness.

The love of God in Christ beamed through her words and life; like sunshine melting away the clouds of prejudice, and dispelling gradually my fleshly dread of

irreverence in taking advantage, with the freedom of access that she enjoyed, of that door into heaven, which the precious blood-shedding had opened. John x. 7, 9; Heb. x. 19-22.

It was pre-eminently JESUS that she preached; his beauty, his loving-kindness, his tender mercy! And though that happy, happy day had not then arrived when I could exclaim, "This is my Beloved, and this is my friend!" yet, by the blessing of God, I count her insensible influence among the many cords of love that won my weary, roving heart to find its rest in him alone.

While Mr. Gosse and my young friends were exploring, with the ardor of naturalists, the treasures of the deep with the drag-net, or rambling over the rocks of the picturesque beach, I was, from inability to join them, generally within doors, or sitting on the shore not far from our lodgings.

There I occasionally met Emily, who, like a good householder, brought out of her treasure things new and old from the store of Christ's fullness.

Yet all this time she had a mother's eye upon her young son, whom she carefully watched in his amusements and companions. Many a lesson might nurses and governesses have learned from her. In clear characters might be read on all she did and said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Our interviews were always brief, generally interrupted, and not unfrequently prevented altogether. I remember that this caused me to feel irritated and disappointed, as the natural willfulness of my character desired more of her society than the Lord saw fit to accord me.

Besides this, I was selfish, and she was unselfish; I longed to keep her all to myself, while she sought only to be about her Father's business. She loved to

wander among the groups assembled under the rocks or among the bathers, distributing her tracts, and dropping a word elsewhere for her dear Master when opportunity offered; while I would have chosen her to sit by my side.

All this was not without its lesson. After those days were gone, I murmured against myself that I had profited so little from them. Doubtless, the Lord's set time was not fully come. He who had found me in a desert land, and in the waste, howling wilderness, was leading me about, and instructing me, and — blessed be his name! — keeping me as the apple of his eye.

So, day by day, Emily Gosse went on her way, sowing beside all waters. The joy of harvest-home is reserved for the great ingathering. For myself, it was only in more entire seclusion from the outer world, and in deeper affliction, that I learned the mystery of the new birth in

the promise, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" the Lord himself, without human instrumentality, leading me into the truths which delivered me out of bondage into his glorious liberty. Certain it is, that when the King had brought me into the full secret of his presence, and had taught me the endearing relationship of "Father," my happy friend was resting from her labors.

I saw Emily working for Jesus; I did nothing; how could I when I only believed at distant intervals that my sins were forgiven! How could I tell of the faithfulness of a covenant God, when I was so often doubting his word, and dishonoring him by unbelief of his truth?

And yet when I rejoiced in the assurance that the Good Shepherd had indeed snatched me from the pit, I wept to think I had never won a soul for him who had done so much for me. My thought was,

If I knew him, and really loved him, I could work for him ; not until then.

In one of those seasons of depression when too ill to quit the house, these temptations especially assailed me. That day I listened to a lesson fron the lips of my new-found friend, which I have ever since been learning ; that the subjection which leads us to accept the position the wisdom of the Lord assigns us, is our reasonable service. Long-suffering, and meekness, and patience, are fruit, though often unacknowledged by any but him ; fruit accepted for Christ's sake, for it is the growth of his Spirit.

Emily had a peculiar faculty of illustrating her subject in conversation, which was very attractive, and this was a point of sympathy between myself and her ; in all else, it was hardly possible to find a greater contrast, or two individuals more dissimilar.

Our conversation this day called forth the following illustration:

"The master of the house has a servant whom he has appointed to sit in the hall — perhaps alone — and only attend to his bell when it rings. This man may not often be required for the particular service to which this bell will summon him, nevertheless he is not to be doing his own pleasure in the intervals.

"Would he be fulfilling the duty for which he was specially placed there, if, when he saw his fellow-servants engaged in their respective callings, running hither and thither, he joined them, and so, when the bell rung, he was not in the only chair where he could distinctly hear it; and had, moreover, placed himself in a position which rendered him unfit for the peculiar service required of him? Neither," she added, with a bright smile, "should we expect the servant who knew his lord's will to be unhappy, and contin-

ually running up stairs and knocking impatiently at his master's door, to know what he was to do next. The master had already shown him what he was to do, — to wait in the hall.

"So now, your service is plain enough; you must remember 'Old Betty.' Once the Lord seemed to say to her, 'Go here, go there; do this, do that.' 'And now,' the old woman said, 'He seems to say to me, Betty, lie still and cough.'"

There was nothing of the teacher in Emily, though she was deeply taught of God. Blessing seemed to flow out from her life, according to the promise, in rivers of living water. John vii. 38. Who shall follow the track of the little seed that is carried on the wings of the wind? God careth for it; it shall be found after many days.

Whether her attention was directed to a child, or to a babe in Christ, or to a Bible student in the examination of a Greek

word, there was no assumption of pedantry or superior knowledge, which is so often the loop-hole for Satan to shoot at the proud in heart, even in holy teaching; and I feel assured that this must have arisen from her knowledge of her own heart, and her trust in the strength of Him to whom all power in heaven and earth is given.

All God's family bear some resemblance to their Father, however faint, which proclaims their heavenly origin to those that know him. The germ of all the fruit of the Holy Spirit is contained in the new man in Christ Jesus. Perhaps some feature is more developed externally, by reason of special culture of the heavenly Husbandman, through special trials; but other buds of promise are there, opening to his eye alone, unrecognized by others. Many a night and morning, many a winter and summer, may go

by before they put forth their fragrance, but they are there.

Dormant they lie, they are not dead;
Sown for Immanuel's land,
They'll bloom where heavenly fountains flow,
Beneath his fostering hand.

A little while we suffer here,
A little while we weep;
A little while we dare the fight,
And holy watch we keep.

And then — no more a little while
To sigh and struggle thus;
But live forever, conquerors,
With Him who loveth us.

* * * * * * *

Love sheds its light over all, and seems to energize the branch which draws from the root, and gives forth to others. For love shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost is a fountain of blessing wherever it flows. It shone in Emily Gosse's daily life.

I have seen her cheek flush, and her

ready sympathy fill her eyes with tears, at wrong committed against another ; I never saw her ruffled with any one, if the wrong were directed against herself personally.

It was long before I recognized the hand of man as the sword of the Lord — Isa. liv. 16, — but when I had done so, it was a well of peace to my heart. Before this, I remember that in bitterness of spirit I one day recounted some mortifying provocation that I had received from a nomina. Christian : it touched her heart far otherwise than it had done mine. I seem to feel the loving pressure of her hand upon my shoulder now, as she looked tenderly in my face through the tears that glistened for what I had suffered, as she said, " Oh, how much pride there must be to subdue in your heart, for the dear Lord to let you be treated thus ! "

Now I have learned to recognize the hand of the Potter ; and on looking back on those sorrowful days, I have traced the

molding skill, breaking away the clay that encumbers the vessel of mercy ; and, though now he has other instruments for fashioning it, I love to trace it still ; and soon, in the light of his unclouded presence, what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. I was more reserved with her than with any one before or since ; and yet the ministry I received was exactly suited for what I should afterwards need in more severe trial.

On one occasion I refused to tell her what had saddened me, only because I thought the cause would appear trifling to her. Like her blessed Master, she found nothing beneath her sympathy that could cause one throb of pain.

She would not quit me until she had soothed me, and this ended, of course, in my telling her all. She listened with as much interest as if she had to unravel some deep mystery. She sat for a few minutes in silence, and then asked, with

the simplicity that characterized her, "*Did you tell Jesus?*" Perhaps I looked surprised; I am sure I felt so: yet to her the only surprise would be, that anything could call forth our complaints to another which had not first been told to Jesus.

She continued, "If I want a pin, and do not know where to find one, I do not lose any time in seeking for it. I ask him to guide me to one, and he does so. Tell me, what did John's disciples do in their grief at the loss of their master?"

I thought only of his burial, and she went on, "They took up the body and buried it, and went and *told Jesus*."

That word was a shaft followed by God's faithful promise: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not re-

turn unto me void, but it *shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.*" Isa. lv. 10. 11.

The rod laid up within the ark for me that day will be seen through eternal ages; it budded, and in time blossomed. Many a hope have I buried, over many a blighted one have I wept; but the budding rod bore fruit at last. Blessed be the covenant-keeping God! The message of my Father's love that Emily brought me has never since that hour been silent. Dead lips speak no more; their echo dies not, but rolls through eternity — "Tell Jesus."

In the cloud I have been called to enter, I have heard no man, but Jesus only. This is more than enough for the loneliest and dreariest path!

I was by this time a little prepared, when I paid her a visit, and admired the pleasant apartments which they occupied overlooking the sea, to hear her reply:

"Yes! it was very kind of the Lord:

we had asked him to guide us to suitable rooms, both for airy lodgings, for health's sake, and also for other advantages," which she proceeded to show me.

Her cheerful acquiescence, at the same time, in what was denied her, was as striking as her happy acknowledgment of what appeared to be the most trifling thing to others' eyes.

This was the first intimation I received of the Good Shepherd going before his sheep, in the minute care for their change of habitation, and of the sheep knowing his voice, and following him in peaceful security. John x. 4.

He has not called us to go forth in our own strength, but in our weakness, that his strength may be perfected in it.

In committing ourselves to him for a "prosperous journey," we may at first feel amazed at the result; but if taken in simple reliance on him who can best choose our inheritance for us, we shall in the end

see his wisdom and love. If we are seeking only to follow him, he will not let us wander out of the way; if we are seeking something not really needful, and the indulgence of our own will and pleasure, he may indeed give us the desire of our heart, and send leanness into our soul. If the Good Shepherd grants us his reviving presence, we may well leave all the rest to him, assured that if he has withheld anything that appeared to us "good," it has only been to give us something better.

CHAPTER II.

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

"All things are yours."—1 Cor. iii. 21.

SOON after these days I had a remarkable dream; if indeed I can term that a dream which appeared to me as a panorama of glorious significance, and in which I had no part but that of a spectator.

I beheld a chamber, dark with clouds. In the center stood Emily. Angel hands from out the murky atmosphere clothed her in a heavy purple robe, the weight of which bent her body, pale and emaciated, almost to the earth. She walked as if in pain and weariness; but in their hands they bore her up, lest she should dash her foot against a stone.

The darkness passed, and her feet were set in that "large room," that lacketh neither light nor freedom; it was open to the sky. Beneath the angels' ministering hands the heavy robe at every step gradually disappeared, and more and more visibly shone another robe, of surpassing beauty, in which they clothed her. She did nothing towards making herself ready; all was done for her. Her attitude was that of a happy, innocent, obedient child, under the tender care of a mother who arrays her in her festal garments.

How can I describe things unseen by others, but by objects visible to the outward eye? I know nothing to compare to that robe, white as the driven snow. Art and nature can give but a faint idea of its beauty! Its dazzling and transparent folds were fairer than the most delicate lawn, and glistened like the hoar frost in its silver brightness.

As the robe descended to her feet, her

countenance lost all trace of time, and pain, and weariness; — it was renewed, and beamed with youth, and health, and comeliness. It was still Emily Gosse, growing fairer at every step, as, conducted by heavenly guides, she neared a two-leaved door, which, slightly ajar, permitted a few bright, slanting rays of golden light to fall upon the step.

The sight of her child appeared to arrest the happy pilgrim. She paused. Immediately the angelic hands were withdrawn into the clouds, — no longer the dark, heavy clouds of the smaller chamber, but the summer clouds of the "large room." A basket of fruit was near her. She seemed to search amongst it for the ripest, and chose what appeared to me then a Maltese or blood orange: for it was divided down the center, and appeared of a bright crimson color, which may have represented a pomegranate.

When the child had received the fruit,

Emily appeared satisfied, and her angel attendants resumed their office of leading her onwards. Every movement exactly resembled that of a blind person, committing herself unreservedly to the safe conduct of a Friend who knew the way, and guided every step, to the home where *she* was a welcome guest.

"As when some helpless wanderer,
Alone in an unknown land,
Tells the guide his destined place of rest,
And leaves all else in his hand:
'Tis home, 'tis home that we wish to reach;
He who guides us may choose the way;
Little we heed what path we take,
If nearer home each day."

The chamber was crossed; she stood upon the step of the entrance, and the door gradually opened. Within, a street was visible, clear as crystal, bright with golden rays surpassing sunlight. On the side revealed to my sight were open galleries of most delicate tracery; these

were filled with angelic forms bent in expectation toward the door; thousands of glorious beings thronged to welcome the ew comer; every head was turned toards the entrance.

The unutterable peace of the pilgrim's ace as she proceeded I have never forgotten, nor the rest which her closed eyes expressed. I have often thought it intimated that this vision of her spirit beauty, given me to behold, was as yet hidden from her eyes. Her foot was on the threshold, and then all faded from my sight.

That wondrous scene lives in my memory, as if photographed on my mind's eye; but how describe it? I vainly seek for words to paint its beauty to others.

Often it was on my lips to tell Emily the "dream that I had dreamed." She was essentially a practical person, and I dreaded that she would not receive the

sweet, and to me solemn, vision, and I held my peace.

However, doubtless it was sent to her through me; for I felt a shadow and oppression on my soul until I had told her.

One morning, most unexpectedly, I was led to describe it to her. To my surprise, she listened in rapt attention; and after a few days she requested me to repeat my golden dream.

She remarked, "I have thought *only* of the Lord's coming; not of walking through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Perhaps he will send for me, after all."

But she was well, and strong, and bright, and prepared to meet him for whom she watched. She walked with her garments girded and her light burning; she was, indeed, one who watched for her Lord.

Soon after this, Mr. and Mrs. Gosse left for London, and I heard no more of her

until the following spring, when I received a note reminding me of my promise to visit her; and as I was then at a convenient distance from London, she invited me to spend two days with her in the following week. I did so.

I had scarcely arrived, when, as was often the case, she was sent for on some errand of mercy, and, as she said, "to keep me company until her return," she placed in my hands "A Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller," a work of which I had never before heard.

If Emily Gosse's faith in the daily watchful care of her Almighty Friend had startled me, she had now left me food for meditation, wonder, admiration and love.

God is good! I never for a moment doubted this reality; and I read on, and on, until I came to a passage in which Mr. Müller narrates how he once had need of an arm-chair in his bedroom, when an

invalid on a visit to a friend, and how the Lord tenderly took heed of the want, so that when he next entered his bed-chamber he found it there.

Of the sums this man of God has won from heaven's treasury, for the support of thousands of orphans, for the extension of the building, for the circulation of the Scriptures, and the help of missionary laborers, I have read and marveled. But when this simple fact of the care of his heavenly Father was recorded, it had another mission. It was just fitted for my grasp ; the tiny thread of faith which just such a babe could hold. It drew me on until I realized, "This God is my God forever and ever ; he shall be my guide even unto death!"

* * * I longed for the book. I did not ask for the loan of it ; I was too poor to purchase it. The Lord's way was the best. I had learned experimentally something of the faith that worketh by love,

before I again turned the pages, over which I hung that afternoon in delight. I felt more and more the contrast of this faith, that was constantly honoring the Lord by believing his word, and confiding in his love, to that of a doubting spirit born of an evil heart of unbelief; and I thirsted for the good land beyond Jordan. It also led me to remark how God blesses the household where his ark rests, and that it is impossible to dwell with those who walk with a living God, and not partake of their blessings.

That night for me was sleepless. It was the Lord's dear hand in all, and but for it I should have failed to read another trait of himself in my gentle hostess.

The morning had hardly broken, when she quietly opened my door, and brought to my side the breakfast which her thoughtful care had provided. She had lighted the fire in her husband's study to avoid disturbing the servants; she had

heard my restlessness, and was ever on the watch to serve.

When I told her how grieved I was that she should rise to do this, her reply was like herself:

"Supposing yesterday Jesus had rested in your lodgings on his way to Jerusalem, weary with his journey, and you knew he had been watching all night, should you have thought it any hardship to rise an hour or two earlier than usual to give him refreshment? Jesus could not come himself; he sent you, and he says to me, 'Inasmuch as you have done it unto *her*, you have done it unto me.'"

Thus we feel the need of having a poor and afflicted people among us, that there may be a field for the ministration of the disciples of Jesus to the Man of Sorrows in the person of his suffering members. Numberless are the occasions it affords of exhibiting his tender love toward those that serve, as well as to them that are

served. Sitting often at his feet, we shall learn the secret of his will, and hearing his voice, we shall learn the way to do it, by which we shall most resemble him in the doing.

The little loving charities of daily life preach loudly for Him who went about doing good. The testimony that it is for Jesus will make the even tenor of the walk glorify him; whereas, if kindness and forbearance be shown only to please ourselves, or for the gratification of another, they will be fitful, and witness nothing of the living faith to proclaim Him whose we are and whom we serve.

Of all the blessings that gladden our earthly pilgrimage, sympathy is the sweetest; of all the gifts of God, a friend is the chief. The man of science has his associate; the man of crime his accomplice; the man of pleasure his companion; and in all these there is sympathy, but not friendship. That comprehends an endur-

ing affection resting on sympathy; it cannot endure, if built on the things that are passing away, or that shall be burned up.

A friend in Jesus is a gift, but Jesus, the Friend, is the priceless Friend.

And can such things be? Yes. The Man of Sorrows is the brother born for adversity, as every day's need requires. Fellowship with him can cast a light and glory over life's common things. If we think that brotherhood with Jesus comprehends only a fellowship in sorrow and difficulty, the privilege is immeasurably great; but this is limiting his friendship, or placing him in the position of patron and benefactor, rather than of brother and friend.

When we live in close sympathy with another, we receive and impart every moment. Take a day passed with a friend, unrecorded by any remarkable event; such a day as an uninterested observer might pronounce a very commonplace one. It

has not been commonplace to *you*. The glance comprehended without a word spoken; the smile that has recognized your thought; the trifling need that has made a way for a gift valueless to any one but you, and precious to you as a memento of the hand that gave, and the circumstance that drew it forth; — all these footprints of time leave the day, so uneventful to others, full of sweet memories to loving hearts.

Why deal with your heavenly Friend with more strangeness and less confidence than with an earthly friend, and desire his help and sympathy only in seasons of extremity? Yet is he found of them that call upon him only in the hour of need; he cannot deny himself. "In their affliction they will seek me early." But why not accept that companionship which throws a light over the minute working of his providence, and gives a voice to the

interpreters of his love, hour by hour, moment by moment?

It is the carnal or the spiritual man which objects, that there are numberless things and circumstances too insignificant to bring before the God of the whole earth. Does the Word of God state them? Or, who is so wise as to declare what is really great or small in the sight of omnipotence? Shall we then say, "I will trust my soul to the God of my mercies, but not my mercies themselves; and in some extremity call on him for deliverance, but in the burden of daily trials dishonor him by distrusting his care, and doubting his love?

Who shall pronounce what has an influence on the spiritual life, and what has not? The minute grain of sand that obscures the sight may ultimately destroy it. The thorn in the traveler's foot, a key lost or mislaid, and meaner things than any I have enumerated, may cast shadows on

the strongest mind, and change the current of a life ; while such despised things have been among the golden links that draw the soul nearer, to realize a living God.

Will you call it "bondage" to cast all upon the sympathizing heart of the Man Christ Jesus? Oh! trembling hearts, perplexed and weary, it is no fable — it is the glorious liberty of the children of God, to "trust in him at *all* times."

He does not bid you seek him in unapproachable glory ; he comes to you as one of your brethren. In all things he was tempted even as you are, yet without sin ; he once hungered and thirsted, he was weary, lonely, misunderstood. You have no want or woe that he has not tasted ; you have no joy which you could pour into that heart of love to which it would not respond.

I write to you who know him and love him, and yet live at such an immeasurable

distance from him, that you are uttering your complaints of your coldness and unhappiness in the ears of others, "physicians of no value," who cannot fathom your wound or heal your disease. Why wait till the waters are troubled? Tell Jesus.

An early diary of Emily's, lent me by her husband on this occasion, consists principally of notes to assist her memory, but otherwise it is too obscure to enable me to trace much that would be interesting in the growth and development of the divine life in her soul. Brief as is the entry, which bears the date 1835, it is strongly marked by the single-mindedness of one who even then walked, as she ever afterwards did, with an exercised conscience, though ever fully realizing the finished work of Jesus, and her acceptance in him; from which we glean the desires of her heart toward a clearer light and more devoted walk. To those

who had the privilege of knowing her, it very imperfectly shadows the work of grace that was developed in the noon of her life.

She complains of the plague of her own heart, like those who know "their own sore and their own grief;" of her unbelief, selfishness, and wandering in prayer; her bitterness of speaking of the faults of others.

The Hearer and Answerer of prayer — more willing to glorify himself in his servant than any can be to glorify him — indeed granted her abundantly that which she had requested. Great is the encouragement to the children of light to walk in the light which reveals their needs, when we see how graciously hers were met, and how brightly shone those graces in her after experience, the lack of which she here laments.

If our desires after spiritual blessings seem tardy in their fulfillment, we are not

therefore to suppose that they are disregarded. Invisible is the process by which we receive them. They are not to be acquired and handled as are temporal gifts; these we may obtain immediately, and rejoicingly show to our neighbor, that he may rejoice with us. Neither do they resemble the sudden life in a soul given to our prayers. They are deeper and more hidden, as the life hid with Christ in God, and only when the tempest has swept over us, or the daily furnace has been entered, where none walked with us but the Son of God, have we realized that grace had really been granted us according to our prayers. Its reception must be the work of faith, — that of other gifts, more or less of sense.

Nothing is so dishonoring to God as unbelief. Even supposing that our prayer is not answered so that we can recognize it *here*, yet we have honored him by ask-

ing for that which he alone can bestow; and them that honor him, he will honor.

Hinder not the holy life-giving Spirit. It is written, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." And what does the longing soul desire, but conformity to *Him* without whom it can do nothing? We shall be satisfied when we awake with his likeness.

CHAPTER III.

PREMONITIONS.

"And God granted him that which he requested."
1 CHRON. iv. 10.

IN January, 1856, Emily wrote to tell me that she had asked the Lord for a "Jubilee Year," and that already the answers were returning in blessings, through her tracts, and the conversion of two young women, in one of whom I was much interested. She had also some evidence in the soul of her little son, giving her reason to believe that he was indeed a child of God.

Her own health was good, her husband's better, and many mercies were numbered up.

In her private diary was found, after

her decease, the following entry, made on her birthday preceding:

"Lord, forgive the sins of the past, and help me to be faithful in future. May this be a year of much blessing, a year of jubilee! May I be kept lowly, trusting loving! May I have more blessing than in all former years combined! May I be happier as a wife, mother, sister, writer, mistress, friend!" *

And the Lord heard, and granted her that which she requested.

Merciful is the veil which conceals in what form our petition shall be granted; but we know that the hand of love, once pierced for us, holdeth our souls in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved; although we find our prayers return to us in far other forms than we should have had courage to desire.

* This, and most of the following particulars, are extracted from "A Memorial of the Last Days of Emily Gosse," by her husband.

"Almost immediately," says her husband, "after the supplications above mentioned were recorded on high, the gracious answer began to be given. At first it came only in joy. The first-fruit was a very blessed revival of my own soul through some words which she spoke to me. And then there followed what she had reason to judge the sound conversion to God of three young persons within a few weeks, by the instrumentality of her conversations with them. Others were impressed, and appeared convinced of their sinful state. Moreover, before the year was completed, at least two instances were brought to her knowledge of gospel tracts having been blessed to the decided conversion of souls. And the grace of the Lord was displayed to her also, in causing these testimonies to the blood of Christ, the fruits of her pen, to be spread very widely, even to the most distant parts of the globe, the result of which will be fully known when the

harvest of this sowing-time shall be gathered in.

"During the twelvemonth between November 1855, and November 1856, seventeen of her gospel tracts were published by the Weekly Tract Society, in addition to fourteen of hers already in their catalogue; and five more were printed between the latter date and her death, which have been published posthumously. This was besides many papers in various religious periodicals.

"But the year of blessing, thus auspiciously begun, had scarcely half passed away before there appeared the messenger commissioned to take down her tabernacle, and consummate her joy, by removing her to the presence of her Lord.

"Hitherto, we had known nothing but ease and happiness in the seven years of our married life, and it was not unfrequently remarked by us to each other, that the common lot, the badge of discipleship

seemed to be unknown to us. My beloved wife very frequently observed to me, and that especially during the year or two that preceded her mortal disease, 'How very happy we are! Surely this cannot last.'

"It was soon to end. It is not for the eternal bliss of God's children that their nest—Job xxix. 18—should be undisturbed, and, therefore, he pulls it to pieces and says, 'Set your affection on things above.' He cares for our eternal happiness, and makes our temporal joy give place to the eternal. Even so, Father."

Months elapsed; we did not meet. I seldom heard from her; she was not one to write for writing's sake; she was fully occupied. Yet I knew I was never forgotten, by the occasional packet of tracts and papers that received a grateful welcome in my sick room, where I lived, God's prisoner. He was teaching me himself the things of the kingdom, for which he had

already prepared me; slow learner that I have been!

One morning I received a note from Emily, telling me of the shadow of that bright cloud which was destined to convey her beyond the reach of pain. The first tokens of cancer were visible to herself, and her apprehensions were confirmed by three of the faculty.

The simplicity and calmness of the detail were just what one would have expected from the trustful tenor of her life.

On the reverse of the note was written, "Is this the meaning of your vision after all? Pray for H ——." Nothing for herself!

After the consultation with the surgeons, the worst was confirmed — which was the best. The chariot which was to convey her home from her labors to the eternal rest in the bosom of the Lord she loved was in motion. And all this she told her husband when she returned, with her

usual quiet smile, and with unbroken composure.

A new mode of treatment, but recently introduced into England, promised (how fallaciously we had yet to learn), if not a cure, at least an alleviation in preference to immediate excision ; as in case of failure in the first instance, the cancer would be still in the same position for what appeared *then* the severer alternative of extraction.

At such a season, where could the sorely tried hearts go, but unto Him who has promised to be a refuge in the time of trouble? And such they indeed found him ; her unselfish heart being more afflicted in her beloved husband's trial than in her own anticipated sufferings.

There are other souls similarly exercised, who will be comforted by the grace and strength given to this tried pair, to meet this sudden storm upon their hitherto pleasant homeward path.

"From the first certainty that we had

of the nature of the disease," says Mr. Gosse, "we had earnestly and constantly sought wisdom from God, as to what measures we should take. We had been accustomed to act, according to the grace given to us, on that command, 'Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.' — Phil. iv. 6. — We believed that the amplitude of that phrase, '*in everything*,' left nothing so small or so insignificant but that we might bring it and roll it on Him, the gracious burden-bearer; and we had often proved the truth of the accompanying promise, 'The peace of God shall keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.' There was also another promise on which we were accustomed to act: 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it *shall be given* him.' James i 5.

"These commands and promises we unitedly pleaded before our Father, fully trusting that he would care for us according to his word — a word that cannot lie. We asked, in confidence, that we should not be denied, that peace *would* keep our hearts and minds, and that wisdom *would* be given us. And let it not be thought inconsistent with this latter promise, that the result of our acting was different from what we desired and expected; not even if it could be shown that the treatment resorted to did really (as I believe was the case) aggravate my beloved's sufferings, and hasten her death.

"It is true, this is not what we looked for. We asked to be guided with infallible wisdom, and we thought that the wisdom would be shown by leading us to choose the most effectual mode of cure.

"But God had not promised this. He had promised to give wisdom, and I must believe that he did give it; that the treat-

ment we selected was the one which, in this particular case, he saw really best for us. He had his own end in view, and that was the removal of his beloved child to his own presence in paradise, and the sustentation and comfort of survivors. And this was an end worthy of himself: so that I dare not say we were not wisely directed in taking the steps that led to it.

"The wisdom promised by God is a thing for faith to apprehend: having asked unwaveringly, with *singleness of eye*, his guidance, I must believe I am guided. I must believe that my judgment, when I ultimately choose, is influenced — insensibly, indeed, but not less really — by his Spirit. And then results cannot affect this fact of Divine guidance. It is not the part of faith to say, if the result turn out according to my wish, 'I was surely guided by heavenly wisdom;' but if otherwise, 'I was left to myself.' For God cannot belie himself, and he has nowhere

promised to grant his children all that their foolish hearts would like, but what he judges best for their real welfare. He has promised wisdom, but not success.

* * * * * * *

"It was agreed on between us, that no treatment should be resorted to, unless we were both of the same mind concerning it. After much prayer, then, we were perfectly agreed that the new mode of treatment seemed to promise best. According to the sources of information open to us, it appeared to present comparative freedom from pain in the process, and a far greater probability of ultimate cure. With the knowledge we afterward attained, we should no doubt have decided far otherwise; but it was not the Lord's will that we should decide differently, and therefore he saw fit to withhold from us that knowledge. He surely guided us,

however, with infinite wisdom to fulfill his purpose, which was infinitely good."

Many a keenly-tempted heart this reasoning will tend to strengthen, for it rests on the faithfulness of Him in whom is no shadow of turning. Not that the quiet confidence of these united ones, trusting in the simple word of God, will of itself give comfort. Each one must draw for himself from that fountain whose every draught invigorates and soothes.

How often have I heard the remorseful grief of even Christian mourners over the failure of *means* used for the restoration of those of whom they were bereaved. "If we had but thought of this remedy, or heard of that skillful physician, or been enabled to take a journey to the South, or earlier detected the symptoms of disease, there is no doubt our lost one might have been spared to us for many years." Oh doubting hearts! This is not of faith, and is therefore sin. If you have sought for

guidance, you must believe you were guided; and although the result may be the sundering of earth's sweetest ties, and the painful process of purifying fires, which you have endured, take it as the wisest answer to your prayer. His thoughts are not our thoughts. His thoughts are the best.

"None liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." The providence that lays perhaps the dearest and most promising of a family on the bed of languishing, often ordains the only preacher who could effectually reach some heart by that home hearth. Be sure of this, under no other circumstances could you learn the particular lesson it is come to teach you. Hasten to seek Him by whom it is sent, that you may not miss his deep, hidden message of love. Let not sorrow come there in teaching or warning in vain. Pray him to sanctify it: to enlighten your eyes, if you see it not nor trace his finger in the dis-

pensation. Fear not; it is a Father's hand, and for every new and changing phase in your sorrowful trial, he has a ready ear turned to listen, a ready hand to help. Shrink not from unfolding to him the least perplexity that besets your path. Every trial, to its minutest part, has been ordered and arranged by him. His heart, more tender than that of the fondest mother, deems nothing beneath his notice that sends his child tearful and often speechless to his feet. Waste not your precious hours in seeking for creature help. Go where the fountain flows freely, where all love and might are waiting for you. Tell Jesus.

If Thou dost call our loved ones home,
  Shall we thy claims deny?
But, gracious Lord, now give us more
  Of thy sweet company.

Oh, softly weep we for the dead,
  Nor let our grief be loud!

So shall we hear his voice of love
Within the light-lined cloud.

They rest with him, and shall our praise
Be silent, while *they* sing?
Nay; cloud, and rain, and biting blast
Sweet summer fruit shall bring.

Mourn we as they whose hope hath died,
With those his love bestowed?
The message and the messenger
Were sent alike by God.

Shall we not gird us for the fight,
And, as we heavenward tread,
Remember, in the darkest hours,
What he, the Lord, hath said?

CHAPTER IV.

DILIGENCE IN SERVICE.

"He must needs go through Samaria."—John iv. 4.

IT was good for the Samaritans that Jesus was weary and faint with travel; but for that link of the blessing he had not tarried two days in Samaria, where many knew him as "indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." Emily must needs go through a strange country, to testify of the love and faithfulness of Him who had said, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not?"

The following May, the beloved sufferer

was placed under the care of the doctor, for the purpose of undergoing the new treatment for the supposed cure of cancer, which had been suggested by an English physician as preferable to extraction.

And now began a season which was to ripen the grain for the garner, and try the faith of her life's companion in this tribulation. Emily had known little of sickness; indeed, excepting an occasional headache, she told me she had had no experience of it worth mentioning, yet her nervous system was so peculiarly sensitive, that the least discomfort would unfit her for her ordinary avocations. This trial, then, which she was called on to undergo, in cutting her off from her pleasant labor of writing her gospel tracts, and from the quiet ministry of love around her, was the polishing of another facet in the jewel for the Saviour's crown.

The physician spoke with confidence

of the case as one that promised a happy issue. When I saw her, and marked the vigor of her frame, and the bright hope in her face, I took hope also. Certain it was, that her affliction was blessed to all around her, and to none more than myself, in leading me to mark the finger of God, and to acknowledge his love in giving us our raiment of heaviness to weave into garments of beauty for his glory.

Emily's attendance on Dr. F.—— involved the necessity of a wearisome journey from her house in Barnsbury to Pimlico, three times a week. On one of these days I accompanied her. It was a brilliant morning in June, when the earth is in all the first fresh beauty of Summer. The air was scented with the mignonette and Brompton stocks, which filled some of the balconies in the West-end squares. The sky had scarcely a city shadow to shroud its cloudless blue, and all looked fair without — a strange contrast to the

woeful waiting room we entered. And sadder still, the exchange of the groups of blooming children who had passed us on their way to the parks and gardens, for the band of pale sufferers that soon crowded the chamber. One who knew not God might have thought that on these poor sickly ones the curse of suffering humanity had specially fallen; he would not see the love in affliction, wooing man to think of Him whose long-suffering waited still to bless. Among these poor stricken ones, Emily Gosse moved as a ministering angel.

Great was the fatigue she endured in these journeys to and fro, but she only dwelt on the opportunities they afforded her of telling to poor sinners the love of Jesus, or from time to time grasping the hand of some fellow pilgrim by the way.

The omnibus and the waiting-room were alike her field of labor. That morning every one was very civil to us; receiving

ner tracts and "Messengers" with courtesy, and many read them.

"But how do you know what to take with you?" I asked, rather puzzled, as she sought amongst her papers for one and another, and as I marked the pause before each was offered;—"How do you feel sure you give the right one to the right person?" She whispered the secret in my ear. Reader, shall I tell it you?

"*I ask Jesus!*"

She then related to me the following incidents, afterwards recorded in her pocket-book in pencil, though I miss there other interesting encounters of which she told me at the same time.

"Sometimes my fellow passengers are of an encouraging kind, and receive my tracts with pleasure; sometimes, on the contrary, their very looks repel one's advances. A company of that sort I met lately, and yet things turned out better than I anticipated.

"I took out a paper of Mr. Drummond's, of Stirling, and after reading it myself a while, I presented it to a doubtful looking gentleman at my right, who looked as if he would have rejected a tract. By degrees, as others came in, I offered what I thought most likely to please them; and as I saw some get out their spectacles and others read without such aid, I got into conversation with my opposite neighbor, a Christian lady, who became quite interested in the Stirling enterprise, and promised to show the "British Messenger," etc., to some Christian friends in the country, whither she was going.

"Presently my attention was arrested by a poor, little old man, with an old blue bag, who had been reading. He had now taken off his horn spectacles, and put them in their paper case, and holding up a penny in his hand, he made a sign with his finger, as though he would cut it in half. When the noise of the wheels per-

mitted, he made me understand that he wanted to know if I could give him a half-penny if he gave me his penny. I shook my head, and signified I did not want his penny. But this did not quite satisfy him ; the penny was put for a moment back in his pocket, but soon appeared again.

"The old man had evidently counted the cost, and ventured his whole penny I would much rather have given him one ; but I did not not feel it right to refuse. It was like the widow's mite ; I felt it would bring a blessing with it — a blessing to himself and to others.

"I thought, 'If I buy eight tracts with that penny, they may be blessed to eight souls ; or even to eight hundred! Shall I deprive this poor man of that honor? Besides, he will doubtless value the tracts I gave him all the more for having contributed to pay for sending tracts to others. Further, this little action will *lead me to*

pray for his soul, which I should not otherwise have done.'

"As these thoughts passed through my mind, my opposite neighbor, who had seen what passed, took out her purse and offered me a shilling. Here was the first fruit of my old man's penny. I said to her, 'I did not give the tracts away with any expectation of payment.' She replied, 'I know that; but of course there are expenses connected with giving them away: put that into your poor-box.'

"She would not have thought of it if the old man had not given his penny. Many have often received tracts and 'British Messengers,' and have never thought of helping to pay for sending forth more. Many could give a penny, if not a shilling. Perhaps many will who read this; and the old man may find in eternity, that his penny has produced fruit a hundred or a thousand fold." *

* "Memorial," p. 15.

Emily inquired if I had followed out a feeble service I had begun; and I replied that I found my motive was not pure in it, and so I gave it up.

"Don't do that," she answered; "defeat Satan. Tell Jesus your design is not clearly *all* for his glory, and ask him to make it so — to purify your motive; but do not give up the work. You know M —— says, that 'if the Father sees one grain of love to his Son in the effort, it is the grain of gold in the sand. He accepts it for Jesus' sake, and the blood is sprinkled on the rest.'" It was the same ever new song, "Tell Jesus."

That happy morning is still fresh in my memory. I had Emily to my heart's content all to myself, and we spoke uninterruptedly of what was dearest to both of us — of Jesus, and his dealings with his people.

A tedious case preceded our arrival, and we had long to wait. A young lady

whom she expected to meet her there failed in her appointment, aad this gave us the opportunity of a prolonged conversation. We both said, "It is good to be here."

When I remarked that it was the only unbroken interview that I had ever enjoyed with her, she smiled her bright smile, and immediately directed my attention to the young friend whom she had expected, and who was now entering the room.

Still, I was so full of thankfulness for this happy hour of communion in our beloved Lord, that I did not murmur. Other patients soon followed, and my interest was absorbed in watching Emily's gentle greetings to some she had met before, and to others — strangers — whose anxious or listless countenances she was scanning in deep sympathy. And again and again she recurred to the love of the Lord, in opening out to her these opportunities of serving him, and that among

souls she could not otherwise have reached.

"To each," writes Mr. Gosse, "she had a word of grace and kindness, undeterred by the scornful refusal of some, and the stolid indifference of others.

"Almost all who resorted to that room were co-sufferers with herself, or friends or relatives of such; and her compassion was largely drawn out to them, impelling her to testify of Jesus' love to them if they knew it not, and to seek mutually edifying and comforting communion with them, if they were already his. Not a few of those whom she met were real Christians. Some whose hearts became knit to hers in fervent love, passed before her into the presence of their Lord, going home only to die; others, surviving, still speak in admiring praise of the sweet savor of Jesus' name, which was everywhere diffused by her. Her unselfish love led her to count her own sufferings light,

if by means of them she could glorify her Lord.

"Nor were her sympathies confined to the spiritual need of her fellow-sufferers. Many of the patients were very poor, ill able to afford the expense of coming to and fro, of lodgings, of attendance, and of the little comforts indispensable in sickness. These moved her loving pity. Her character was eminently practical; she did not let her sympathy evaporate in sentimental speeches, but at once set about seeing what could be done."

"On one occasion," says a valued friend of Emily's, "I accompanied her to Dr. F——'s, and while waiting she spoke, as was her wont, to most of those seated round the room. She came at length to a poor man who appeared to be in a very suffering state, and asked him about his hope for eternity. He replied to the effect that 'he hoped he should do pretty well.' She walked a few paces from him,

and then returning, solemnly said, 'There is but one way to be saved; the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.' She added a few more words; but what affected and delighted me was that in her fervor she no longer addressed that man in particular, but there she stood as God's witness, and in tones that all in that room might, and I believe did hear, although perhaps herself unconscious of it proclaimed the blessed tidings of salvation."*

"If I wanted to recommend a patent," said Emily, observing how little testimony is usually given for Jesus, owing to the fear of man, "I should not at the first setting out force it; but if I were traveling to make my master's patent known, be sure that in whatsoever society I was cast I should let it be seen."

Certain I am, that when we are on our

* "Memorial," p. 39.

watch-tower, living close to Jesus, we have weapons more powerful than worldly wisdom can use. The Holy Spirit will breathe through our words, and prepare the way before us.

The gentle courtesy of the words and ways of one living in the light of Jesus's countenance is as different from the polished surface of mere worldly politeness as are the beams of the setting sun to the rays of a gas lamp.

Only a trifling occasion may be granted us. A gnat has a very brief opportunity, but he makes the most of it, and insinuates one drop of poison with his sting, which leaves discomfort for days, and keeps him long in painful remembrance. A needle is a very little thing, but how much may be done with it by patient industry — strong garments for daily use, and delicate intricate workmanship, which the loom can but imitate! If an instrument be kept bright, and lie near the

great Workman's hand, be sure it will be used, and if not, it is well to show its willingness for service.

Many a weary hour might be wrought into blessing, in the waiting-rooms of some of our eminent physicians.

One who has found the shelter of the Rock against the storms that dash our earth-nests to the ground, must long to whisper of its sweet security to others. And where is there a sphere in which loving sympathy would often be more appreciated?

The heart must be hardened indeed, before it can look unmoved upon the lines of pain and disease written on the anxious faces that throng these crowded rooms Those whom the Lord may lead thither, may find that, if they have returned themselves unhealed, they yet have been sent there to guide some soul to the fount of healing.

Many opportunities of showing the love

of Christ to others will appear to those who really desire them ; and if we do not see them, the Lord can open our eyes to do so. If all else be denied, there is the prayer that carries these sick and apparently careless souls to that fountain, for whose healing waters they may be longing, while waiting for some man to help them.

Sick one whom Jesus loves, think what life-giving blessings you bear with you into this world's infirmary! It is only a new furrow of the field to till for Jesus. Your prayer of faith may save the sick of worse than nature's leprosy ; and if you are cast there, remember him.

You say, "I cannot speak to strangers."

It is a blessed thing for such poor lost sinners as the reader and the writer, that the Son of God does not thus answer us He came to bind up the broken-hearted, to comfort the mourner, to heal the leper, to give sight to the blind, to make the

lame walk, and the dumb to speak. He calls none "strangers" who come to him.

It was well for the poor Samaritan adulteress that Jesus did not raise such objections. Himself a stranger, weary with his journey, he even asked of one with whom the Jews had no dealings, a cup of cold water at the well of Sychar.

He came in blessing, not only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, but to the Syro-phœnician woman, whose daughter was healed through a mother's persevering prayer.

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." It will be happy for those who say they know him, and labor for him, not to hear at last from his lips, "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in."

My evil heart of unbelief at this time was often bringing me into darkness and desolation. Satan loves to weaken the hands for service, and close the lips for testimony, by summoning before us past

transgressions which have been forever blotted out by the blood of Jesus.

Emily, with her sound views of gospel truth, could not understand me here. It was better thus, as it eventually led me to confide in Him who knoweth our frame. Shattered in health, and easily broken in spirit, the great Adversary harassed my mind until I became bewildered and afraid, and could no longer discern through the mist of doubt that the covenant was ordered for me "in *all* things, and sure."

We are promised that sin shall not have dominion over us; nevertheless, "the flesh lusteth against the Spirit," therefore the followers of the great Captain must be prepared for war. Up to the mercy-seat, ye whom Satan harasses with remembered failures! The promise of the Father is written there in the blood of the Lamb. It is pleaded by our great High Priest; it is revealed to your sinking heart by the Comforter. "Fear not, only believe."

At this time Emily wrote to me, "Do you believe that God has forgiven you the sins of to-day as well as the sins of your whole life? Then forgive yourself. A child never learns to-day's lessons better for fretting over the neglected task of yesterday." So I have found it.

Satan whispers only of the wrath of an offended God; the Comforter points to the Refuge. The great Adversary recounts our many and repeated sins; the Holy Spirit tells of the Lamb slain. Enter into the covert provided against the assaults of the "terrible one," and thus "be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."

CHAPTER V.

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE.

"For ye serve the Lord Christ." — Col. iii. 24.

DEAR Emily had indeed entered into the furnace. The vigor of her constitution, and the cheerfulness which seldom failed her, prevented all but those who watched her with the eye of affection from seeing the rapid inroads of disease upon her wasting frame.

Many of the applications of the new treatment were of the most painful nature, and these were continued without intermission, and persevered in until the end of August.

At that time, with the full consent of Dr. F ——, the dear sufferer accompanied her husband to Tenby, on the coast of

South Wales, where his professional engagements detained him until the following month, and this was the last of those happy traveling days in that sweet companionship of their wedded life, which had never been interrupted more than a few days since their union.

Before Emily left for Tenby, she requested me, in her absence, to remember her need of a servant.

I heard of an aged Christian seeking a Christian home for her granddaughter. She had been carefully trained as a useful servant, and I rejoiced in thinking that I had an open door for her, as well as in meeting the need of Mrs. Gosse. I wrote at once, but during some delay in the delivery of the letter, the girl was engaged. Emily writes thus:

"It is very strange that the young girl should be engaged just as I inquired about her; but that sort of thing has happened to me several times. The Lord

knows best what servant I should have, and I desire to believe he will provide me with one — the right one."

The large share of blessing she received in the conversion of her servants through her means, might encourage others to serve the Lord in this manner. Naturally it is more pleasant to a Christian family to receive a Christian servant. But with those who walk with God the question will always be, "What wouldst *thou* have me to do?" and the result, though different from what may have been anticipated, will always bring peace. Thus again, the Christian servant, standing alone in a worldly family, if faithful to her heavenly Master, and not a mere eye-server, will shine as a living testimony for him, if he has appointed her place of service.

How can we eat of the rich provisions of a Father's table, without longing for those around us to share in the costly blessing offered to all? The seamstress

comes and goes, the tradespeople around partake of our custom, and yet, too often, nothing but a silent testimony is given, although the wise man has said, "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

One day when we were alone, Emily spoke to me of the inconsistency of wearing valuable ornaments; and while she did so, it was with some hesitation of manner, as if she shrank from paining me. She perceived that she had not made the least impression.

I said frankly, that I did not feel it wrong to do so. I did not wear or value them for their intrinsic worth, but for the associations connected with them. I had worn them for years; I should probably always wear them. And *then* I thought so.

She did not urge the point — perhaps she felt it was useless; but she said, in a tone of self-reproof, which I have never forgotten, "I should have waited for the Lord." It reminds me of one who was

pressing some such point on another Christian, and was met by the question "Who taught you that?" The would-be teacher replied, "The Lord." "Then," rejoined the other, "wait until the Lord teaches *me*." And most wisely Emily waited. She never afterwards, by hint or suggestion, alluded to the subject, or if she did, I was not conscious of it.

Actions performed in deference to the wishes or convictions of others are a vain oblation. The laying aside of gold, and pearls, and costly array, from such a motive is of no more value in the sight of God, than the "Lord, Lord," of the foolish virgins. Outward conduct will manifest the inward life. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

I found myself one day by the sick bed of a poor woman, where I little thought to receive the silent teaching of the Holy Spirit. "But the sun is no sooner *risen* with a burning heat, but it withereth the

grass." As I knelt by her side, a gleam of sunlight, from the half-closed casement above us, fell on the ring I wore ; but this was only a type of the beam of Love that fell upon my soul! My heart responded to that divine influence. The diamond flashed back the reflected ray. The sunbeam had its mission from Him who created and directed it.

The loving recollections which clustered around the costly gem were lost in the greater love of Him who laid down his life for his enemies.

When I left that dreary little room for my own chamber, it was to gather in a heap the trinkets, valuable to me as records of broken earthly ties, and lay them at the feet of my gracious Lord with tears of joy.

He accepted them. The gold and the silver *are* his, the beasts of the forest, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He may use the hands of those who love him not, when the hearts of those who know him

are cold in his service. Valueless to him is the sacrifice of formalism without the sweet constraint of love.

The soul may sometimes say, "Will he have me adorn myself with his silver and gold? Will it make me fairer in *his* eyes? Do I seek to please man, or Jesus only?"

It is the state and position of the *heart* toward God that has to be regarded; for though you give all your goods to feed the poor, and give your body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth nothing.

I speak what I do know, when I declare that the delight of carrying such Egyptian spoils, with all their fond associations, to the feet of Jesus, must be tasted to be understood; while the love which rejoices in his acceptance is sweeter to him than all the rest — more precious than the fine gold!

Heed not whether the world may count your offering small or great. It is precious in the eyes of the Lord of the whole

earth. As the tender parent smiles on the babe who totters to his knee with the gift of its first gathered daisy, so the heavenly Father looks down on the feeblest expression of his children's love.

These are landmarks on which the soul looks back, and then erects her Peniels, and presses on again, rejoicing that in heaven we have an enduring substance.

Follower of the Crucified, shall we not leave the world's baubles and costly array *for* the worldling? They can have no worth in the sight of one who has seen the King in his beauty, and whose future home is with the Lord of glory!

As the agonizing applications were continued, Emily found this visit to the seaside unlike all former ones, when the care of the body had so little obtruded on her notice. Nevertheless, she still found a service, and she has told me how much more she learned, even in sympathy for

others, in this new path in which the Lord of the harvest bade her sow.

On her return to London, after five months' vain endurance of torture to disperse the disease, the removal of the tumor was advised as the most hopeful course. The long journeys to and fro had now to be discontinued, and a lodging taken for her at Pimlico, near to the doctor's residence. Here she passed to another sphere of teaching and trial, accompanied by her little son, her companion and assiduous nurse.

Sleep, which up to the present time had not failed, now went from her, and it was seldom that she slumbered but for fitful seasons, and these disturbed by the moan that never escaped her patient lips, except when wrung from her in the extremity of anguish. Unable to find ease in any posture, she wandered up and down her chamber, resting her head from time to time upon the mantelpiece or against the wall.

Oh, truly this was a season to dwell on the eternal faithfulness of Him whose word is truth. Recollections of past blessings and prospects of future joys had little power to sustain; it was the eternal "NOW;" the present pain of almost every moment bearing up to the High Priest's censer the patient sigh, the glance of trust. The north wind of the Spirit was blowing over the beds of spices, and the myrrh and the aloes were as precious, nay, sweeter, doubtless, to the blessed Husbandman in this night season of proving, than the "camphor, with spikenard, calamus, and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense," yielded in the sunshine of her life's morning.

No cloud obscured her faith or shook her trust; she rested on the Rock, "a sign,"—a child, believing in the immutable word of a loving Father and faithful God!

In resigning the joy of her spirit, it

seemed as if *that*, having ripened, was "*laid up*" for her: the new wine awaited her in her Father's house; she could afford to put by the spiced wine now, and drink the myrrh in deeper fellowship with Jesus.

If the intensity of her suffering abated it was all that could be said of the most quiet hour; never was she wholly free again from its agony, until she put off her heavy robe of earth, for the garment of praise and the girdle of gladness, in the light of the land of the Lamb.

Again she had to undergo the agonizing application, and she resigned herself to the new torture in calm submission to her Father's will; nor during the protracted season of every new experience of suffering did one word of murmuring escape her, nor by expression or look was intimated a doubt of the loving-kindness of her Lord. She delighted to dwell on his goodness, and this was often manifest to her, because of her quick understanding in the fear of

the Lord, when others, less instructed in God's school, might have failed to trace it. "How merciful it is of the Lord, that ——" was so frequent a commencement of her sentences as to be recognized as quite characteristic by those who were intimate with her.*

Once when I visited her at Pimlico, I took with me some grapes, almost as much for their rare beauty, as the delight of carrying her anything to refresh her fevered appetite. When I reached her lodgings, I found her heated and excited from an injudicious visitor who was indulging in controversial argument, to the distress of the dear sufferer.

And here I would say a word to those who visit the sick room, either from solely benevolent motives, or otherwise designing spiritual benefit to those they visit. Do not forget that it is not simply a room

* "Memorial," p. 36.

shut out from the external life from which you come ; but also, if not of actual suffering, yet often of exhaustion consequent on pain. Few are fitted to minister to the sick, whether it be the body's ailment or soul sickness. Those who have lived much in such an atmosphere can tell how the shattered frame and exhausted nerves tremble beneath the bustling entrance, and loud voice, and controversial conversation ; and how the long-protracted visit, that has no particular aim or object, robs the poor sufferer of the hour's rest or comfort which the visitor has no power to impart. There is one way to be blessed, and to be made a blessing. Waiting on Jesus, you may carry refreshment with you, and receive in return some new lesson of love, learned in the shadow of that cloud which you have never under the same circumstances entered ; but it is a special ministry. "I was sick and ye visited me!" This kept

in remembrance will leave a blessing on the giver and on the receiver.

The Lord moved her unpropitious visitor to depart, and the weary, flushed face of the invalid sank back, restored to its peaceful aspect as the pressure on her spirit was removed.

I enjoyed speaking with her on the Lord's love in angelic ministry, and scarcely ever did we do so, but she alluded to or repeated her favorite hymn.

"Thy minist'ring spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep:
Bright seraphs, dispatched from the throne,
Repair to the stations assigned,
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the elect of mankind.

"Their worship no interval knows,
Their fervor is still on the wing,
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King

I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join,
And love and adore without end
Their faithful Creator, and mine."

As I bathed her heated hands and arranged her pillows this afternoon, she said, "I have been thinking much, particularly in the night, of the ministry of angels: I am sure the angels brought you to me at the moment I most needed you."

Then I traced with her the chain of circumstances that had not only led me to London, but within a street or two of her lodgings, which I knew not until I set out to visit her, never having been there before. She exclaimed:

"How good the Lord was to send you, just when he did! The Lord will reward you."

I was silent. She smiled and added, "Oh, I forgot, you will not be rewarded. I must remember your theory, that when we have pleasure in doing anything for

Jesus, we have our reward here, and are not to expect any other in heaven. I think some of us will be surprised when we get home, to find what the Lord saw fitted for reward, and how much was sin."

A plate of grapes was on the table; this was a disappointment to me, and I told her so, having thought to bring her what perhaps she desired. Great I know was my delight to find that the fruit was uneatable, and that she had set it aside. Those who have few opportunities of thus helping the sick ones, will share my pleasure, when I opened the basket and showed her the white-water grapes nestling in their bed of fresh green leaves. And then I had the joy of seeing also the Lord's tenderness, in allowing me to experience how such a trifling thing done for him could be blessed. She held the last grape in her attenuated fingers, and paused; her countenance was sweetly solemn, and

her eyes were closed. It was something like the deep peace of her visioned face.

At last she spoke. "I have been asking Jesus *never* to let you want grapes in your sickness; and," she added emphatically, "*he never will.*"

And here I witness to the acceptance of Emily's loving prayer. Through long and wearisome illnesses, and they have been many, I have never lacked any good thing, and above all, the tender love of my heavenly Father has supplied me wonderfully with this refreshing fruit, and gladdened my heart by enabling me to serve others from his abundant store. Fit living emblem of Jesus, full of holy associations, bringing in many a long night-watch, thoughts of the past, invigorating to my soul; none the least, the recollection of that day's fervent prayer.

An endless record is the loving kindness of my beloved Lord to me. Each cluster of grapes since that day has had its history;

with every one comes the same sweet message that was whispered to my heart, in the dawn of that morning, so soon to shine in the glory of the Lord on my soul: — "Inasmuch as you have done it unto *her*, you have done it unto me!"

If any hope of Emily's partial restoration had been indulged in, it was now swept away. The terrible torture to which her exhausted frame had been subjected, was of no avail, as far as any curative effect was concerned; the doctor at last pronouncing that the disease was in the blood. This might have been manifested in the first instance, and much of the subsequent agony have been spared. But it was the Lord's will that it should not be so, and that this furnace of peculiar character should be used in the purification of one whom he intended to honor.

Again this sorely-tried pair sought the great Counselor, and found, as all must, who seek him in simplicity and truth

peace, "perfect peace," *because* they trusted in him.

Both felt that an entire change of treatment was necessary, and that without delay.

Emily had a strong predilection in favor of homœopathy; she had always been its firm advocate, and her husband's mind inclining toward it, they decided upon a homœopathic course of treatment.

When I next saw her, I told her I rejoiced in the decision, and that I had greatly longed for her to try it the whole time she was at Pimlico.

"And why, then, did you never urge it?" she inquired.

I explained to her how each time I tried to do so I was withheld by the dread of interfering with a treatment they had both earnestly sought in prayer, and by a fear of in any way unsettling her mind.

This seemed to her confirmatory that the mixing of this loving cup was all of

Him whose name is love, and that not one bitter drop in the draught, or one blessing in its reception, could have been spared. "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Rom. viii. 18.

She was at once removed from Pimlico, to the comfort of her own home at Barnsbury, and keenly realized the pleasant change from their lodgings, which had been primarily sought from their being nearer Dr. ——.

Every day brought fresh occasion of thanksgiving for this last step of dependence on the Lord.

During this time of pain and weakness, she saw through the press three of her last tracts, "A Home Welcome," "The Two Hospital Patients," and "The Dying Postman," written during her stay at Pimlico.

Her service was changing, but it was

the same Master who was rapidly moving her from one section to another of his school, in each of which she learned something of him which she could have learned under no other dispensation. She wrote no more.

No exalted joys brightened her way; scarcely was it possible for that sorely suffering frame to respond to gladness. Neither was there one desponding sigh, one murmur, to ruffle a peace that anchored in the word of a covenant God.

Her nerves were shattered by unceasing pain, and the enfeebled body worn by sleeplessness and the semi-recumbent position which she was obliged to maintain. The powerful remedies, used to combat the disease and produce sleep, had acted on the susceptible nervous temperament, so that the once strong brain and vigorous thought could no longer be concentrated upon a subject, and many days she could look no farther than to the cessation of the

present paroxysm of pain, to the hope of relief. Her trust in the faithfulness of Him with whom she had walked in the cheerful and unclouded noonday, was her trust still, in the thorny path, with the shadows of night lengthening round her.

A few verses at most from that Book which had been her life's treasure were as much as she could bear. A beautiful hymn of Toplady's was her favorite throughout her illness; she was never weary of hearing it:

"Kind Author and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee for my God I avow;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast helped me till now.
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defense thou hast proved,
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally loved."

And this last line she often dwelt on with peculiar delight.

The beloved companion of her labors of

love, who shared with her in seeking out of the Book of the Lord and reading therein, had now become the tender nurse of her sick chamber ; and, to add to many blessings, a relative left her own family unsolicited, to go to them and help at a time when such sisterly love was the immediate answer to prayer.

It may be a mystery to some why these things should be, that one so devoted to her Master's service should be called to lay down the work so dear to her heart. We cannot trace the dealings of the Lord with his people by the light of nature, nor hear his voice in the storm that beats around our own path, with the natural ear. "We walk by faith, not by sight."

Some deeper lesson to be learned, some secret thing of God to be revealed, some hitherto unknown manifestation of the Comforter, is often reserved for the sanctuary of the sick chamber.

Suffering is still a service, not only be-

fore Christ and the unseen world, but also for that multitude among whom the sufferer can no longer visibly minister.

There are lone watches in the night, when Jesus and the soul have deep communings; and as the hours pass of the day that calls others to its labor, the Lord is gathering from many a secluded priest the prayer that shall fall in blessings on the seed scattered in his name.

Nor was the sick room of Emily Gosse without its ministry. When unable longer to write, the packets of tracts and papers that went forth under her direction became messages of love; — more deeply valued from the very circumstance of her remembrance amid her own severe sufferings.

"She possessed," observes her husband, "a remarkable power of obtaining the confidence of strangers. It was quite a common occurrence for a traveling companion to open up to her the history of a life, and

this though she was by no means communicative of her own private affairs. Often has she come home and told me a story full of romantic passages, which had been confided to her by some forlorn woman, whom she had met laden with trouble. I believe it was owing to her great power of sympathy, which was quick to read trouble and sorrow in another's countenance, and which then, by some gentle word of inquiry or condolence, opened the springs of grief, so that it flowed forth.

"And then she was a willing and attentive listener, and a wise and judicious counselor; and while she did not fail to manifest her interest in the temporal sorrows thus confided to her, she always sought to make the conversation an occasion for introducing higher topics. It was one prominent feature of her character, that she was always on the watch for occasions of speaking a word for Jesus.

"If her companion was a believer, she

would try to excite a more potent faith, if that was lacking, in the wisdom and love of God; and specially she loved to lead up the thoughts to Jesus, as the great High Priest, and the unfailing Advocate. But if, as was commonly the case, such themes elicited no response, or only that vague assent which tells that the hearer has no interest in them, then she would ingeniously, and without obtrusiveness, speak of the need of being prepared for eternity, of the mode in which such a preparation was to be obtained, and of the cleansing blood of Christ. If there was one gospel text which more than any other she delighted to quote in such conversation, it was this: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'" 1 John, i. 7.

She was very slow to judge others, but very swift in judging herself; and that even in offices of benevolence. She said, "Unless we are doing the Lord's will, even in relieving others, we may be inter-

fering with his work. It was great pain to me to deny myself in regard to E—— yesterday; but I had asked Jesus It would have been easier to the flesh to give, but it was not his will, and I withheld the money."

I confessed to her that I had given, and had not asked counsel of the Lord. A year after her decease I was allowed to *see* that I had walked by sense and natural benevolence; Emily in the power of the faith of the new man.

We were speaking of the busy workers and benevolent people who care nothing for the Lord himself.

I had found it difficult then to realize that those who showed kindness to the Lord's people, and assisted in work for his purposes, could be wholly unapproved of him. So slow was I to recognize the utterly lost state of the natural man. I had not seen then, that the cup of cold

water, given to his least disciple, must be given *for the sake of Jesus*, to be accepted.

Emily's remark was, "They are like Noah's carpenters;" and turning to her husband she said, smiling:

"Henry, *you* illustrate it."

Mr. Gosse kindly put down his book, and replied readily:

"Suppose I have a son who is at enmity with me, and refuses to be reconciled. He will not live with me, he has a house next door, he is content to dwell in it, and never see my face. I am rearing some caterpillars in my garden, to which I attach value; my son amuses himself by leaning over the wall to feed my caterpillars, which I can do without him; shall I owe him gratitude, that he amuses himself, while he refuses to be reconciled to me?"

One who had lived in sweet fellowship with her eighteen years before I was blessed in knowing her, thus writes:

"I can truly say, that almost every recollection of my much beloved friend is fragrant with the name of Jesus. She lived to serve and glorify him; it was the one object of her life. I do not think I ever met with a person so single-eyed, or so consistent as a Christian; it was to me a continual memento of what we ought to be. Prayer was her strength; she took everything to Jesus: things pleasant or sad, perplexing or comforting, alike were imparted into his ever open ear. Oh, how often have we knelt together, and she has taught me to seek for grace for others as well as myself, at a throne of grace! She used to say, 'We can never speak against any one we have prayed for;' and 'Let us ask the Lord,' was her continual invitation. Her prayers were most simple and fervent, literally those of a loving child, in the greatest simplicity telling her Father everything, and owning his hand in everything. She used to say nothing was too

minute for him to care for ; and if she intended to go one way, and her plans were quite defeated, she could rejoice in the conviction that he was guiding her path, and this was happiness. She had great sympathy for those in trial, and sought by prayer to help them when in no other way she could. Though extremely cheerful, her heart responded instantly to the plea of sorrow, and by personal sympathy and prayer she made the trials of others her own.

"She was a most devoted daughter and sister. She told me her mother was a peculiarly clever woman, and that they were chiefly indebted to her for their love of knowledge. She taught them the classics, and Emily herself was quite a scholar. Latin and Greek she was familiar with ; I feel uncertain about Hebrew. She was fond of teaching, and for some years, I know, she maintained her brother at the university by her disinterested ap-

propriation of her income to this object. They were a most united family.

"Among the many precious reminiscences of our friendship, few things strike me more forcibly than what I would call her 'family love.' No matter whether rich or poor, learned or unlearned, agreeable or disagreeable, if she discovered in them the lineaments of her blessed Saviour, she was irresistibly attracted to them, and sought in every way to get good, or to do good.

"Her self-denying efforts were unwearied in cases of emergency or distress, and no amount of disappointment or personal discomfort would change her purpose. Sometimes, when surprise has been expressed that she was not discouraged, she would say, 'We are all clay in the hands of the great Potter. He knows how to accomplish his purpose of making us vessels of honor; and as I must meet them in the glory and admire them then,

I had better begin now to try what there is to like.' Thus would she check a detracting spirit in others, by her example as well as her words, and lead the thoughts of her companions to that coming day, when Jesus Christ will own every instance of such service as done to himself.

"I have often thought the 'inasmuch' richly belonged to her. Do you remember her happy cheerfulness which made her such a bright home companion, never gloomy, always buoyant for the occasion?

"Those who knew her best loved her most, and were sure of her sympathy for joy or sorrow. Yet it is only right to state, lest some who slightly knew her should consider her character overdrawn, that a certain *brusquerie* of manner, and a want of completeness in the minor etiquette of society, often did great injustice to the real refinement of heart and mind which she eminently possessed.

"After her marriage I saw much less

of her; but still learned by her example the value of God's Word, its practical power to meet every circumstance of life. It was a great change to one who had been always at liberty to visit and care for others, to fulfill literally the apostle's injunction to be a 'keeper at home,' to 'submit herself to her husband as to the Lord;' but she owned the duty as imparted from on high, and sought for the needed grace to 'adorn the doctrine.' She daily sought to 'reverence her husband,' and to merge all her tastes and wishes in his, so that she truly became a meet helper to him, and they walked together 'as heirs of the grace of life.' She greatly dreaded anything that should hinder their prayers; for union in Jesus was her aim in everything. Her sphere of service from this time was changed; but still how useful! What she did will only be known when the secrets of all hearts will be revealed; her tracts prove

much. I believe few, if any, knew that they (Mr. G. and herself) mainly supported a missionary to the poor, and she herself told me that most of the striking anecdotes related in her tracts came under their notice through his visitations; others occurred to herself, and all were true.

"Dear Emily! I love to think of her, and owe much, very much to her; for our most intimate intercourse was ever at the mercy-seat. The last time she was here seems but a few weeks since, so vividly is it before my mental eye. She had been to consult a physician, and told me, for the first time, what were her own fears and his confirmation. Oh, how rapidly from that day she faded! It is difficult not to repeat, whenever I think of her, 'Let me not fall into the hands of man, but into the hands of God.' It was a fiery ordeal she endured during her last weeks on earth; but never can I forget her patience, submission, and peace. Truly she realized

the promise of 'perfect peace' to them who wait upon Him. I only saw her three or four times. She seemed cut down in the vigor of life; but doubtless her work was done. I can always feel as regards her how truly 'blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE.

"And the glory of the Lord came into the house by the way of the gate whose prospect is toward the east."

EZEK. xliii. 4.

"GOD will not lay on you one stroke more than you are able to bear," said a visitor to a dear child of the Father, whom she was glorifying in the fire of sickness and trial.

She replied, "I do not feel as if God were *beating* me. He was not *angry* when he allowed the Israelitish youths to be cast into the fiery furnace."

The bonds and imprisonment of Paul were no marks of displeasure from the Lord. The "chosen vessel" was honored by suffering great things for the name of him he went forth to preach. Paul and

Silas were not cast into prison for their own sins, but for the salvation of the jailor of Philippi. And, surely, when Peter was a solitary prisoner, and prayer moved the hinge of the iron gate, he did not look back to the day when he was delivered into the hands of four quaternions of soldiers, as if it had been a punishment for sin!

The Good Shepherd's rod, guiding Emily into places and positions in which she might learn this wilderness experience, which could not be learned in her home of light, was the only rod that *she* recognized. God is love; therefore, all that his children expect is love, and all they receive from him is love.

If a loving father, conscious of the undeveloped powers of his son, gives him what appears to the ignorant a cruel task to study it is not so to the son. He has learned enough to be sure that such teaching is needful for the future career for

which his father designs him. For its acquisition, he must necessarily forego many a mountain ramble and many a twilight wandering; yet he knows no good thing has his father withheld from him, and that problem to be solved, and this language to be learned in a strange land, are among the "*all* things" that work together for his good.

To have sunk under painless disease, in an atmosphere of praise and joy, would have had little teaching in comparison to this solemn season of almost unmitigated suffering.

At the word of the Lord, Emily had thankfully walked in the sunshiny paths telling of Him, whom to follow was her whole life's glad service; and now, when he laid her low — how low! — and put into her hand the cup mingled with myrrh, in place of the new wine, it was well also.

In one of the only two interviews I had with her after her return home, Emily

told me that she hoped, if her life should be prolonged, she should soon be accustomed to her sick room, and her body would not require so much of her care. "Then," she added, "then my chamber will be a little Bethel!"

While alluding to her sufferings, she said, "I am being pruned and purged; *you* will not think I am making much of myself when I say, that it is that I may bring forth *more* fruit."

While I was writing this, I received a letter from a dear friend; its last page is full of the subject that was filling my heart as I recalled the precious dealing of a Father's loving hand. I give it without marring it by comments of my own, believing that it has its message to some waiting soul — now willing to wait and suffer, where once it loved to labor:

"We may well be content to be nothing, if only *God* be glorified. I have lately been led to look on affliction as the purging

process which is necessary for the branch ere it can bring forth fruit. There must first be *fruit* to characterize the branch as a living one on the true vine, then the purging comes, and, as a result, *more* fruit; but it is the secret abiding in Him, the close, holy fellowship with Jesus, which produces *much* fruit; and perhaps it is oftenest in affliction that we get into this holy fellowship. When the world is dark around us, then we have only his light to walk in; for walking in the light and having fellowship are closely connected. And what is the fruit? Might we not be tempted oftentimes to think much zeal, activity, and vigor, in our Master's service; much talking to others, and preaching, teaching, and running about. But what is our Master's estimate of fruit? What in his sight is a fruit-bearing branch? "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." — Gal. v. 22, 23. — Are we not often tempted to

call things by wrong names, and to take our own standard of things and bring it to God's Word, rather than to take God's standard and put aside our own? Dear, dear sister, we shall understand *all* by and by, all our Father's dealings with us, and *then* we shall indeed rejoice."

Before I left her, Emily asked me to repeat my golden dream once more.

And this time her eyes filled with tears, and my own voice was broken. I knew not, though my heart seemed to whisper, that when I next saw that pale, emaciated form she would be clad in her marriage robe, and, all fresh and lovely as in my heavenly vision, would stand in the presence of the King in his beauty.

She told me of the sympathy for the poor and lonely that her lodgings had taught her, though it always seemed to me that she never lacked sympathy for any form of distress or suffering.

"How tenderly," she said, "we should

think of the sick ; the disorder of the sick room, instead of exciting blame or disgust, should call forth our pity. Perhaps, if *they* have any one to care for them, even they may have many claims upon them, and this I have learned, with other things, here."

Consumption was now evident, and a second physician pronounced that either of the diseases then present might be the immediate cause of death. No hope of recovery was held forth ; but no probability of a speedy decease was anticipated.

Under the homœopathic treatment there was a manifest improvement, and it is sweet to see the tender love of the Great Physician, leading these waiting ones to such means as should now soothe in some measure the shattered nerves, and alleviate the worst of her sufferings.

As far as could be ascertained, the progress of the second cancer was but tempo-

rarily arrested; the restlessness caused by the medicine and depression disappeared. Her cough, however, still visited her in continued paroxysms, shaking her worn frame, and depriving her of rest. It was seldom that she obtained more than half-an hour's sleep.

"It had become evident to us both," observes Mr. Gosse, "that the severance of that happy union, which without a single interruption of its peace and love had been vouchsafed to us for the last eight years, was an event not very far from us. We looked it in the face; we well knew no blessing, no strength, was to be gained by concealing it from ourselves or from each other, and we talked of it freely. To me the prospect was dark indeed; but to her death had no terrors. Our dear child she was able to leave in the hands of that loving Lord for whom she had trained him from earliest infancy, and to whose tender care she now in the confidence of

faith committed him ; but her loving heart deeply tasted the bitterness of the cup which she saw I should soon have to drink. It was but a day or two before her departure that she said to me, with a look of unutterable affection, and with peculiar emphasis, dwelling on each precious word, now embalmed in my inmost heart, 'I love you — better than on my wedding day — better than when I was taken ill — better than when I came home from Pimlico.'

"At another time she said, 'My beloved Henry, gladly would I remain, if such were the Lord's will, and be your companion for the rest of your pilgrimage!'

"Nor was this the language of mere natural affection, however tender or refined ; it was evoked by that which in her was ever the master principle, an earnest longing after the spiritual welfare of those whom she loved. She was not ignorant — she could not be — how often the Lord had used her unworldly faith, her unselfish

love, her saintly devotion, her wise and godly counsel, to the promotion of my best interests, checking and counteracting the earthly tendencies of my heart, and its proneness to love this present world. The faith that could leave her child to the care of her covenant God, could with difficulty leave her husband to the same care.

"Another proof of the faithfulness of God in hearing prayer, was the mitigation of actual pain as the closing scene drew near. Knowing as we did in what terrible agony this disease often ends, * * * our eyes were lifted up to the Lord, that he would spare his child the depth of this affliction." And he graciously did, although power was almost lost on one side, and her breathing increasingly oppressed.

Amidst the varied sufferings or discomforts which tried her wasted frame, her quiet, patient submission to the will of God never failed. "Throughout her ill-

ness," continues Mr. Gosse, "I never heard an approach to a murmur.

"A week or two before her departure, the course of reading in family worship brought us to John xiii. I had made a few remarks on the grace of the Lord in purging his own from defilement, and on the various modes in which he effects it; and turning to her, I said, 'Jesus is washing your feet now, love.'

"This little observation was used to her great comfort and refreshment; and she repeatedly told me afterwards, that thenceforth it became one of her favorite words until the last; 'Jesus is washing my feet!'

"The anticipation of being soon in the presence of the Lord who had redeemed her was delightful to her. To a friend, who called a few days before her departure, she said, 'This will be the happiest year of my life, for I shall see Jesus.'

"At another time she said, 'I do not

desire to die. I am ready to go if the Lord so chooses, but I am willing to live longer for your sake.' I have already explained, that living for my sake was in her mind only a phrase for laboring for the Lord.

"I said, 'Is Jesus precious to you?' She knew I meant *consciously, joyously* precious.

"She replied, 'I cannot say that; I have not the joys I expected; *I rest* upon his word, his inspiration.'

"It had been a favorite thought of hers, that the saints of God are in their last moments often favored with sights and sounds that belong to the world they are approaching.

"In some descriptions of happy death-beds such are not unfrequently spoken of. I think that they rested a good deal on her mind, and that she in some measure hoped they would be vouchsafed to herself. But may I not affirm that God gave her

a better thing? For surely it was a nobler testimony that she could calmly face death, 'resting on his word, his inspiration,' than any that she might have given respecting the most rapturous sensible manifestations. Like the old worthies 'witnessed unto' by the Holy Ghost, she 'died in faith.'

"I have since thought that the Lord intended her a special honor in thus calling her to go out of the world without any sensible joy, resting on his Word alone.

"If there was one principle that, more than all besides, she had insisted on in her Gospel tracts, it was this — That it is the part of faith not to seek for evidence from feelings, fruits, or anything within, but simply to take the naked Word of God.

"This is strongly brought out by her in her tracts — 'John Clarke,' 'John Clarke's Wife,' 'The Old Soldier's Widow,' etc.

"She had strongly taught, that in the

matter of salvation, God's simple 'yea' and 'amen' is a rock stable enough to stand on, without any support besides. He chose that she should give a dying testimony to the same truth; that *she* should herself be testimony; that she should herself be content to pass into eternity, with no other support than the Word of 'the unlying God.'"

Nor was hers a singular case. Many who have walked in the full light of God's smile, witnessing for him through a lifetime devoted to his service, and in sweet communion with the heavenly Three in One, have, during the last scene, by the absence of all joyous feelings, been called to a yet deeper experience than they have ever known of simple faith and trust in the word and promise of that living God, whom, *not seeing*, they still love. We all can testify, who have walked in the light, that to bask on the mountain top, in the sensible presence of Jesus, may well en-

able us to breast the stormy billows. But to believe that he is with us, though we cannot see his face ; to know that he is our own Jesus, the same in the darkest valley as on the Mount of Transfiguration, is a far higher exercise of faith. The day's testimony has proclaimed, "I am his, and he is mine," and the setting life sinks peacefully to rest on, "*I know whom* I have believed."

"On Saturday, the 7th of February," again observes her husband, "it became evident that the parting scene could not be delayed ; she gave me her dying counsels, expressed her wishes concerning our child, dictated a long catalogue of friends to whom the fact of her death was to be communicated, and set her house in order.

"In solemnly reviewing the history of our married life, she spoke of the principles by which she had striven to walk, and ended with the following words : 'I feel that, be it much or little, I have finished

my course. I have loved the Lord and his work; and my only thought, if he were to give me another twelvemonth of life, would be, that I might labor a little more for him.'

* * * *

"Her last day on earth was now come. It was one of brilliant sunshine, — a lovely day for mid-winter. We had moved her to her couch toward the window, and as the bright sunlight streamed upon her countenance, we little thought she would see that sun no more. As she lay still, she said, 'I shall see his bright face, and shall shine in his brightness, and shall sing his praise in strains never uttered below.'

* * * *

"As night drew on, a change became

manifest. Soon after eight o'clock she experienced a partial paralysis of the tongue, so that speech was scarcely intelligible. In allusion to this, and dreading that she might linger some time without the power of speech, she said, 'The Lord has hitherto raised me up above circumstances. He has made me to ride upon the high places of the earth, and now he has brought me down, and now he has made me to fear.'

"'Fear what, my darling?' I asked.

"'Paralysis.'

"Presently she said, 'Tis a pleasant way — more pleasant than when I could not pray for what would make you unhappy.' I suppose she referred to the circumstance, that within the last day or two I had been able solemnly to resign her into the hands of Him who, for a season, had lent her to me, and who now reclaimed his loan.

"She looked on us hanging over her,

and said, as if the thought of eternal union were delightful to her, 'One family, one song!'

"At times she fell into momentary slumbers, and though her speech was not altogether intelligible, yet it was ever of him whose 'best wine for his beloved goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.' In one of these murmurings I made out the words, 'Open the gates; open the gates, and let me in.' Ah! the blessed of the Lord had not much longer to stand without.

"I spoke to her of the freeness of gospel grace, which she had proclaimed so fully; she replied:

"'I see it.'

"'See what, love?' I asked.

"'I see the freeness of gospel grace that I have set before others, but in extreme weakness; immediately adding, lest the expression should be misunderstood

as meaning dimness of apprehension of the truth, 'In extreme weakness *of body*.'

"She murmured, 'I am going home; I must go home.'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'what a blessing that you have a home to go to!'

"She immediately added, almost inarticulately, 'And a hearty welcome.' This was in allusion to one of her last tracts, which in manuscript had been entitled, 'A Home and a Hearty Welcome.'

"After a while our precious sufferer said, 'I shall walk with him in white; won't you take your lamb and walk with me?'

"This she repeated twice or thrice, as she saw I did not readily catch her meaning. I believe, however, she alluded to our dear child."

Her eyes, now dim with the shadow of death, turned upon her husband, who was hanging over her, and addressing him by

the old endearing name, she said, "Dear papa, I'm all ready."

"What has made you ready?" he inquired.

"'The blood!' Then she added, '*The blood of the Lamb.*'

"This precious testimony was the last sentence that issued from her lips. It had been her joy in life to proclaim the sufficiency of that blood, and now she died on it."

She noticed nothing more, and exactly as the hour proclaimed a new day dawning, a brighter one broke upon her vision. One long-drawn sigh, and the happy spirit had entered the gate. Then, kneeling round, the watchers of that bed of suffering gave thanks, amid sobs and tears, for her peaceful admission into her happy home.

Abney Park Cemetery was chosen as the place for the deposit of her dust, there

to rest until the approaching manifestation of the sons of God. Then she shall rise to meet her Lord, renewed in resurrection power and beauty, changed into his likeness whose glory was precious to her soul.

On Friday, the 13th of February, 1857, "they took up the body and buried it, and went and told JESUS."

A plain stone, under the shadow of a lofty elm, bears the following words:

THE DUST OF
EMILY GOSSE,
WHO SLEPT IN JESUS
Feb. 9th, 1857,
WAITS HERE THE MORNING
OF THE
FIRST RESURRECTION.

How can I close these pages, that may fall beneath the eye of the careless, the scoffer, the unsaved? I am humbled to

think how my own soul has been fed with those words which to them must be a strange speech.

This Friend, this Elder Brother of his Father's redeemed family, is the Friend of sinners. Sinner, he has *died* for you. Behold his hands and his feet! But you are blind and cannot see him; you cannot trace him in his providence, nor adore him in his work. Neither has affliction its blessings, nor is death the herald of the King of Peace to you.

Oh! will you not come to him, that you may receive your sight? To-day, even to-day, the Son of God is passing by. It is the Good Physician, Jesus of Nazareth. He saith unto you, "What wouldest thou that I should do unto thee?" Oh! TELL JESUS.

THE LOVING CUP.

"The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"—JOHN xviii. 11.

Come, drink ye, drink ye all of it,
Pale children of a King;
No poison mingles in the draught,
So, while ye suffer, sing.
'Tis Love's own Life hath won it us,
Christ's lip hath pressed the brim:
Come, drink ye, drink ye all of it,
In fellowship with him!

Oh! shun not thou the loving cup,
Nor tremble at its hue;
There is no bitter in the bowl,
But Jesus drank it too.
He counts thy tears, and knows thy pain,
Yea, every woe is weighed;
And not a cross he bids thee bear,
But once on him was laid.

Come, drink ye of the loving cup!
Thou wouldst not pass it by?
'Tis kept for every chosen one
Of God's dear family.
Nor, unbelieving, turn aside;
Thy Lord the cup bestows:
And oh! his face, above thee bent,
With love and pity glows.

Those hands, once bleeding on the cross,
Are now outstretched to bless,
He draws thee closer to his heart
For that cup's bitterness:
He hears thy faintly-sobbing breath,
He marks each quivering limb;
He drank it once for thee alone—
Child! drink it now with him.

Let earth bring forth its bitter herbs,
Soon all their power shall cease;
Come tribulation, if it will,
With Christ's abiding peace.
I take the cup—the loving cup,
Thrice blessed shall it be;
I would not miss one gift, O Lord,
Thy blood hath bought for me.

THE

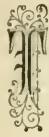
SECRET OF THE LORD.

BY

ANNA SHIPTON,

AUTHOR OF "TELL JESUS," "THE WATCH TOWER,"
"WAYSIDE SERVICE," "THE LOST BLESSING,"
ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY T. Y. CROWELL,
744 BROADWAY.



the Lord, the true God, the living God, the everlasting King, I commit this feeble effort to show forth his praise. May he who giveth life to the dead, and taketh note of the fall of a sparrow, give life, and speech, and blessing, to the following simple pages.

All that is of himself shall live. May all that is not according to the mind of the Spirit be blotted out in the precious blood of the Lamb slain,

For Jesus' sake,

AMEN.

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THE SECRET OF THE LORD.

CHAPTER I.

THE RAVEN'S CRY.

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.—Psa. cxlvii. 9.

"IF God will not help me, no one else can," The words were spoken almost despairingly by a pale, sad-faced child, about five years of age. A fruitless search for some lost possession had left her overwhelmed with sorrow. She sat alone upon the ground, and gazed on the heavy clouds that crossed the sky in the dim autumn twilight. Having no one below to sympathize in her distress, she looked for the first time from earth to heaven, experimentally learning, "Vain is the help of man."

The child had lost a treasure, and children's

treasures are precious, and children's griefs are sharp.

The loss comprised a lock of her dead mother's hair. She had worn the locket containing it ever since the day she could remember anything. Nightly she was expected to place this on her table, that it might be seen that it was safe. She had neglected to do so, and now it was gone, — how or where she knew not — and the child wept.

It was not for the ornament, nor yet for her disobedience, but for the loss of that brown braid of glossy hair in the tiny casket — the child's wealth.

She knew that the locket would be missed from her neck, and that she would be punished; but what punishment could exceed that silent, unshared sorrow? The joy of her life had departed; and though careless eyes observed that she did not eat, none remarked her sad face, or the absence of the chain.

"I wish it was Sunday," said the child. "I could go to church; perhaps God would hear me *there*."

The child did not know that God's house is not made with hands, and that he is everywhere nigh to all that call upon him. This was Friday, and two long days must intervene before she could make her request known to him in church. The longest day however has an end, and Sunday came at length. Kneeling in the extreme corner of the pew, with her face to the wall, observed by none but God, she told over the petition with which her heart was ready to burst, and ended as she began: "If *you* do not help me, no one else can." So she begged him to send her back her lost locket, for he alone knew where it was. When her prayer was over, a strange peace fell on the heart of the little suppliant. She did not question that her voice had reached the ear of the Most High, who rules the world.

Yes! gracious and Almighty God, Father of the fatherless, as one whom his mother comforteth, so didst thou comfort her. Thou wert working for the desolate little one.

When she returned home, the sun shone

brightly in her nursery, and glittered on the golden chain. Hastily she opened her casket and found her treasure safe. But she did not praise him who had heard her cry. Only the soul that knows salvation through the Lamb slain can praise.

The power of the Lord had wrought on the conscience of the thief to restore the stolen article, and it was not until thirty years afterwards that the culprit was known.

Dear reader, that child now records the first remembered token of a loving Father's care over a fellow-sinner, who by his grace would commune with thee by the way. In conscious helplessness I cast myself upon Him, who has redeemed me from death and hell, and I would show forth his praise. My cry is still, "If thou wilt not help me, no one else can!"

I know not how far this early evidence of a loving Father's care influenced my soul. Certain I am, that since I have known him as my Redeemer and Lord, it has often made me ashamed to lack the simple faith of a child. Through long years of sin and ignorance the

remembrance of the recovery of my lost chain has made me realize anew that God, who feedeth the young ravens when they cry, will much more care for the soul that calleth upon him.

Since he gave me eyes to see him, daily have I been proving his wondrous power and willingness to help me. And yet, even when he has reminded me, "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth," I have fallen back upon my own miserable plans and natural understanding, as if I had not again and again proved that I had infinite wisdom and power to draw from.

It is written, "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" He will find works, abounding works, of the natural heart, in which he has no part as the author, or counselor, or partner; but of the faith that lives in him, watches for him, waits for him, follows him, — how little!

And yet Jesus died to bring us near to the Father, that we might walk with him, thus restoring the heavenly communion which Adam's sin had invested with terror and shame. The

daily intercourse of confidential affection calls for no preliminary ceremony. Communion does not consist in a mere narration of wants or confession of failure. It is an interchange of mind, a giving forth and receiving. Neither are there any formal preparations to be gone through, nor set phrases to be uttered, before we acknowledge his abiding presence. "The secret of the Lord" has been well described as "that peculiar presence of God which is the secret of his people, with the assurance that they are his." Who that has known this "secret" has not thirsted for deeper and fuller revelations of himself? He has been found of them while waiting in the sanctuary and watching by the way.

It was the living God, of whom I read in the Scriptures, that my soul longed to know. Seeking Jesus, my weary heart turned away from what was offered me instead: and I shall forever praise him for the sorrow, and sickness, and trial, which have beset my path; since thus, and thus only, have I known that all other refuges are vain. Often have I returned

to my first childish prayer: "If you do not help me, no one else can!" I have thus learned to love the cross ere it has been removed, so many Peniels has it marked on my otherwise toilsome way.

When I am told that the desire of intimacy with my risen Lord is irreverent and unnatural, I test the foolishness of man by the wisdom of God. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. ii. 14. "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth: but I have called you *friends*." "If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." John xv. 15; xiv. 23.

Shall we read these gracious promises as if they were merely forms of speech, and treat the Lord of Life as if he were a wayfaring man who tarries for a night? Is he not the light and center of that temple in which he

has taken up his abode? Shall he be sought for in special emergencies when other help fails, while the flesh, in which dwelleth no good thing, regards ordinary times and events as those with which the God who appointed them has nothing to do?

Each trial of our faith hath its commission from the Father of spirits: in the end it will speak; if it tarry, wait for it. The heavenly Master has still his eye upon his weary followers toiling in rowing, and each wave of circumstance bears him on its crest. Listen! His voice is in the storm; and believe that each billow is appointed by the Lord, whom winds and waves obey: "It is I, be not afraid."

We are not required to live above circumstances; they are assigned to us that we may obtain therein a deeper experience of the love and wisdom of Him to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth.

The encouraging "Fear nots!" with which the Holy Scriptures abound, promise us help and companionship *through* the rivers, not *above* them; safety *in* the fires, not escape *from* them:

that we may behold his way in the sea, and his path in the mighty waters; that the Father may be glorified in the life of Christ manifested in us by the Holy Ghost.

If the eye of faith is withdrawn from Christ crucified, be assured that how much soever of theoretical and doctrinal knowledge we may possess, and however fervent the aspiration and utterance of religious *sentiment* may be, we shall be barren and unfruitful, and fail of the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

It is the Spirit's presence in us that tells whence our life springs. Whether in the warehouse or the shop, in the poorest hovel or in the mansion of the rich and noble, the child of God is called to witness for him. The power of testimony that one solitary soul may possess will carry its influence through time and eternity. "The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself: the Lord will hear when he calleth unto him." "I have declared, and have saved, and I have showed, when there was no strange god among you: therefore ye

are my witnesses, saith the Lord, that I am God." Psalm iv. 3; Isaiah xliii. 12.

The coast of Cornwall, particularly in and near Mount's Bay, is visited by the warm Gulf-stream, which is the secret of its healthful temperature. There is little alternation in the atmosphere by day or night. There is not much information to be obtained concerning this interesting phenomenon, but the influence is *felt* and seen, though the Gulf-stream itself is flowing unseen in the ocean, separated in a manner from the deep waters, through which it passes without mingling. The lands it visits are warmed by it; the air above and in its vicinity, is soft and balmy; exotics seen nowhere else in England flourish in its neighborhood, and many an early blossom is put forth before the winter has elsewhere departed. In the caves of the rocks, and occasionally in some places of the coast, its presence is known by the rare and beautiful shells, which, carried safely by the current through the ocean, are left as the productions of a distant shore, and tell whence the stream flowed.

As I felt the soft influence of this genial stream in the months of early spring, it never failed to remind me of the hidden life in Christ — the positive blessing flowing from the fullness of the Spirit in the soul of a child of the light, dwelling in this ungodly world — a continual contrast to that negative Christianity, which lives only on the lips of formal professors, bringing neither warmth nor blessing to themselves, nor light nor gladness to others.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant." The worldling has no part nor lot in this promise. It is *yours*, child of God, to whom I write, saved and separated from a world lying in wickedness. Can you be content to walk in your blindness, in paths everywhere beset with danger, without heavenly counsel and companionship? Can you endure the benumbing cares of life without carrying them separately to the mighty counselor, that common things may be cleansed and sanctified to his service? For if there is any matter of which it can be said, "I cannot ask the blessing of God on

this," then neither ought it to be an occupation in which his follower should be found.

Search the Scriptures; they testify of him with whom I pray you to walk a day's journey. Be assured, if your heart burn within you, that the Son of man has made one of our company. May God the Holy Ghost reveal him more and more to his waiting people, and open their understanding, that they may know Jesus: then will they surely seek their brethren, and tell what things were done in the way.

Let the perplexed and dispirited traveler eat of the bread that cometh down from heaven; the Lord shall be known in the breaking thereof. Strengthened in his strength, he shall realize the promise of the Father, and rejoice in the assurance of him who cannot lie: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. xxviii. 20. May it be said, "And it came to pass, that while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them." Luke xxiv. 15.

THE SOUL'S PETITION.

"Ask, and it shall be given you."—MATT. vii. 7.

OH for a priceless crown of stars
To cast before the throne,
And a seraph's voice of melody
To tell what grace hath done;
To sing thy praise, O Lamb of God,
Who for the sinner died;
To tell the love of him once slain—
Jesus, the Crucified.

Grant, Lord, unto this longing heart
Thy blood hath washed from sin,
To image back thy holiness,
As thou dost dwell within.
Give me a will subdued and meek,
Obedient to thy Word,
To prove the might of him who lives—
Jesus, my risen Lord.

Give to my hand a heavenly heart,
To hymn thy matchless worth,
To echo o'er the sea of glass,
While waiting still on earth:
Cause it to break the sleeper's dream,
And downcast spirits cheer;
And to thy watching people tell,
The Bridegroom draweth near.

Give, Lord,—I ask it from thy grace,—
The heart, the harp, the crown;
I ask them for thy service here,
And all shall be thine own.
I bless thee for thy love's sweet seal,
And nought thy love can sever;
Lord, lead me on from strength to strength
To follow thee for ever.

CHAPTER II.

WALKING WITH GOD.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.
GAL. v. 25.

"CAN two walk together except they be agreed?" Can "lovers of their own-selves, covetous, boasters, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof," have fellowship with him?

The old Adam can never be made better; there is no promise for *that*, though its manifestations may differ. Man may adorn it and cultivate it as he will, but its most admired acts are glittering sins. It is the devil's plantation, Mark vii. 21; the fairest and the deadliest fruit that thrives there, the wild and poisonous grape, is the form of godliness without the power.

Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom

of God, nor can the natural heart have communion with the Holy One. The glory of grass may be beautiful to the eye, but it is still grass, and will be burnt up. "All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, and another flesh of beasts, and another of fishes, and another of birds.' Many forms appear so gracious in their humanities that we admire them; while we shun others, repulsed by their coarseness. Some, fair and alluring, appear to soar above the earth, and others less prominent seem harmless and silent. We are prone to forget that the fairest only *resemble* what is acceptable to God, and that the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. All the natural wisdom and sagacity of man have never done anything for the kingdom of grace.

From careful calculation astronomers have foretold the comet which appears in due season, and by diligent investigation of the heavens, have discovered new planets in our hemisphere. Columbus, by his observation of the weeds borne on the bosom of the western wave,

was led to reflect on the probable position of the land which he afterwards discovered. But neither the contemplation of the heavenly bodies, nor the discovery of a new world of land and water, can bring the soul into the experience of spiritual life, nor open to it the mysteries of grace in the eternal kingdom. "Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise." 1 Cor. iii. 18.

The old creation lies beneath the curse, and is condemned already. The new creation born of the Holy spirit, involves a new life, a new aim, a new object. None but those in whom he dwells can understand that it is by his power alone that they can know God, walk with him here, and live with him eternally. The babe must first know him with whom he would walk; he requires food that he may grow, and the due exercise of his spiritual faculties is necessary, in order that he may respond to the voice of him who calls him to follow him. The giver of life is the giver of grace:

from him alone is derived the appetite for the hidden manna, and the spiritual thirst which can only be satisfied by the waters of life; and this must be received before the living waters can flow from the regenerated heart to others. John iv. 14.

The Lord does not delight in a cistern or in a stagnant pool, but in a channel for life-giving streams. John vii. 38. To follow the Lord then, we need to know him, (Jer. xxiv. 7) to know him is to love him. I must have open ears to hear him in his Word, and in the way. Isa. xxx. 21. I must have open eyes to behold him in his providence, and in his dealings with me. Nay, I must perceive him in circumstances and in places where the wise man of the world can see nothing, or at most blind chance. And if I handle holy things, it must not be with the intellectual knowledge of the old nature, but by the power of the Holy Ghost, as he shall show them to me. For the "wisdom of the world is foolishness with God."

The soul born of God is complete in Christ, as the oak enfolded in the acorn. All the

heavenly faculties are perfect in the germ in the child of God: if they are not exercised, it does not follow that they do not exist. Many quickened souls take Christ as their Redeemer, who, from lack of knowledge of foundation truths, manifest but feeble outward evidences of redemption.

He who is made unto us, wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification, is willing to give us the continual witness of the Spirit as we walk with him. He would have us to *know* whom we have believed, to be assured that our Rock cannot be moved, that bread will be given us, and that our water will be sure. If we believe him, we draw from him such supplies of grace as develop and strengthen the child of God for heavenly fellowship. The new nature is a garden inclosed, in which the Lord delights to walk and talk. There is the sealed fountain, there bloom the fragrant spices, there ripen the pleasant fruits for him. Gal. v. 22. He says of his garden inclosed, "I, the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." "Joy and glad-

ness shall be found therein; thanksgiving and the voice of melody." And will he ever forsake it? Nay, when all seems silent, it is not death. The frost but withers the weeds; the Husbandman is there, and where he is, there is life. Let us not expect the way to be a sunny sail upon the lake of Galilee. The faculties given must be exercised, the faith granted must be tried—seven times if need be—in the fire. Nor shall we have escape beyond the tempter's wiles, and the secret assaults of sin, until that triumphant hour when this mortal shall put on immortality, and death is swallowed up in victory. When we see the Lord as he is, we shall be satisfied; for we shall be like him; "and every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

The thief upon the cross, and the beloved John, were alike complete in Christ. The same simplicity of faith which drew the dying malefactor to trust in the love and power of him in whose kingdom he desired to be remembered, was only a phase of the like faith in the disciple whom Jesus loved, who leaned with en-

deared familiarity upon his divine Master's breast, believing from the love he bore him, his right to rest there.

Communion with God is no subject of cold speculation. The Scriptures are replete with it. The vague idea of Jehovah, as the carnal heart understands him, has no place there. He is everywhere, a very present God; from the glades of Eden, where he talked with Adam in the cool of the day, to that resurrection morning when, in tones of human tenderness, he called the weeping woman by name—everywhere, and at all times adapting himself to the need of his people. All proclaim him a God near at hand, as well as afar off; cognizant of our secret desires, responding to the faintest cry; a living God — the God of the living.

Moses walked with God. "I have known thee by name" is the testimony of intimate fellowship between God and man. For "the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." While "with his own right hand he gat himself the victory," yet it pleased him to use the instrument he

had prepared for his service; the friend of his counsels, whom he had ordained the leader and deliverer of his chosen people.

Noah walked with God. The Most High made known to him his judgments against an ungodly world, and accepted his family for the sake of the righteousness of his faith working obedience.

Enoch walked with God, and begat sons and daughters; and before he was translated he had this testimony, that he pleased God. The secret revelation of that translation we must suppose was the test of his belief in the Lord's almighty power and truth; for "without faith it is impossible to please God; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Heb. xi. 6.

Abraham walked with God; in what close and familiar intercourse the Holy Spirit has not left us ignorant. God himself calls him his friend! Doubtless, as he revealed to Moses some glimpse of that Messianic glory which was to come afterwards, the express

image of his person, so also in the typical sacrifice of Isaac, the paternal heart of Abraham was made to enter into that mysterious transaction which gave the Lamb of God to die for the sin of a guilty world.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant;" (see margin — "His covenant to make them know it.") His delights with the sons of men began before he made himself in all things their brother: doth his pleasure in them cease now that, by taking on himself their nature, he has wrought for them that great salvation?

The vail of the temple was rent in twain when the Son of God proclaimed the mighty sacrifice "finished." But ere he entered the gates of glory, and sat down on his Father's throne, the Son of man returned to his "brethren," to comfort their hearts and strengthen their faith. Still he delights in the loving constraining of his followers, even as when Abraham besought him to tarry in his tent, and his sorrowing disciples entreated him to abide with them.

He is the ever-present Friend. You cannot see him with the natural eye, as did the favored band on the shore of Tiberias; but you can commune with him as truly, and he with you. Like those dear disciples, essentially men subject to like passions as we are, you may think him to be far off upon the mountain, and find him when least expected, in the tumult of perplexity and fears; having forgotten that when your need is the sorest, he promises special manifestations of his presence and power.

There are the hidden ones of God, whose life of faith we see not, though we partake of its fruit; but there are others it would take many a page to record, whose life has been manifested before the Church and before the world.

The fact of two thousand two hundred orphan children having been gathered under holy teaching, fed and clothed, and educated for various callings, is a testimony in our own land of what simple faith achieves.* To the unbeliever, the New Orphan Houses on Ashley

* The total number since 1836 is 2263. See "THE BRISTOL ORPHAN HOMES AND THEIR FOUNDER." By Rev. Dr. Weir.

Down are tangible proof of the prevailing power of prayer. Those who know the Narrative of that honored servant of God, Mr. Müller, of Bristol, and his multifarious labors, cannot but feel that not one link in that vast chain of blessing but must (both in its formation and continuance) have been forged and constructed by the almighty power of God. "Jotham became mighty because he prepared his ways before the Lord his God." 2 Chron. xxvii. 6. These are facts which the natural eye and natural heart may take knowledge of. But the soul, partaking of the like precious faith, reads the mystery of these facts in the same secret with faithful Abraham. George Müller walks with God.

Again, not long since, by the Lake of Zurich, lived Dorothea Trüdel,* the orphan daughter of a godly mother. The Lord chose richly to manifest what grace wrought in her and by her, through the power of the Holy Ghost. Sorrow and sickness had early put her in a position to sympathize with the sufferings of

*"The Prayer of Faith."

others. Many were the diseased bodies restored to health and activity, and the disordered minds healed of their plague,—many were the souls granted to the prayer of faith—before Dorothea formed her establishment for healing the sick. Neither the unholy powers of spiritualism, or animal magnetism, or clairvoyance, can bring souls to Jesus; nor could they cast around the dwelling of this German maiden the heavenly element in which the divine life throve. Faith and prayer! these were the secrets which the famous physicians, jealous of her success, and the curious investigation of the wise men of the world, failed to discover. Dorothea Trüdel walked with God.

The missionary labors of Pastor Gossner, of Berlin, Francke's Orphanage at Halle, and the lives of many more who have set their hope in God and believed in him, will suggest themselves to the reader. There have been such in every age: God knows them all; some day we shall know them too. Now we are responsible for their testimony. Men hear and read of them; and if they are not called to go forth on

special missionary enterprises, to build orphan houses, to heal the sick, or to act in some way prominently in sight of the world, they satisfy themselves that they are exempt from the same walk of simple faith. Is it so? If the saint is indifferent to his high calling, it is that unbelief is the lion in the way, so that he fears to confide in Jesus. Mourning for lack of sympathy, and depressed beneath the burden of perplexity and sorrow which no fellow-traveler can comprehend or soothe, he does not realize that there is a Companion of the cross, who is with him even to the end, — changeless in affection, unfathomable in wisdom, unlimited in power, perfect in holiness, — Jehovah Jesus!

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him:" but how few desire to walk in that happy fellowship with God, which the Lord Jesus Christ died to restore to fallen man!

If we take Jesus at his word, and believe he is with us "alway," as he said, then the humblest incident of our daily life is invested with a speech and language to the listening soul. This will be when our eyes are up unto

the Lord, and we walk in the light; then it is that the minutest thread of divine purpose unfolds yet more of his love, his wisdom, and his power. Then the soul exults in its helplessness, because it is the medium of showing forth the faithfulness and might of Jehovah!

On one occasion I had apartments with a friend, more expensive than I should have taken alone; they were very large and pleasantly situated.

It was laid on my mind to prepare for the press a manuscript which I had partly written; but I knew that if I used up the little strength I had, in seeking for lodgings or in packing, it would be impossible to finish my manuscript. It seemed as if the Lord would keep me where I was until it was completed. I told the landlady that her apartments would now be more than I could afford, and that I proposed to leave her in a few days. On hearing this she begged me to continue there, at my own terms, until she found a tenant. As the proposition came from herself, I saw more directly the hand of

the Lord in it, and consented to remain. Week after week went by, without any application for my rooms. One morning the landlady remarked upon it. I could not refrain from a smile, but I told her that she would not be allowed to lose. I said, "I have a little work to do; when it is finished, you will let your lodgings." But it was not yet done.

A few days after this, on my return from the beach, I saw a fly at the door; a family had called, and were about to take the rooms that afternoon. They had gone to another house a few doors higher, and would decide in a few minutes. My first feeling was one of utter desolation. I had not a person I could ask to help me; but as this thought swept over my heart, I remembered that I had a Friend in heaven, and I said, "Lord, let the people like the other house best," and sat down. But I had not cast *all* my care on my heavenly Friend: consequently I put on my cloak and went out, and sought for another abode. One was quite unsuitable, and the next was very gloomy. I returned; the fly was gone; the

ladies had sent word that they liked the other house best. My blessed Lord *had* cared for his child.

I learned by this, first, that this place was given to me in order that I might do my work; and, secondly, that I must not loiter.

One day, while upon the sands, I remarked three children, a girl of nine, a boy of eight, and another of six, busy making sand towers. I spoke to them: they were very shy at first, but were evidently well-trained children, gentle and courteous, simple in their manners, and very fair too look upon.

I watched them until they were weary of their spades, and then I called to them, and told them the history of a child, which soon won their attention. The youngest boy had an evil expression, although so young, and a strange *hatred* of the very name of Jesus. A friendship sprang up between the two elder and myself. Day after day we met on the strand, and at the first glimpse of me their play was left. As they sat one on each side of me, I spoke to them of Jesus, — of Heaven, — and of

God's gracious love in giving his own Son to die for sinners.

They were of a family of some rank, and were living within a few doors of my lodgings. In a short time, with whomsoever they might be, at sight of me they bounded to my side.

When I found a difficulty in procuring suitable lodgings, I thought it was the Lord's will that I should leave the place; for I felt that, as my work was nearly done, I should soon be called upon to give up my apartments. Yet the Lord was blessing me with the dear children, and I did not like to quit the neighborhood.

The following Sunday I was sitting on the beach, when suddenly I saw my two little friends walking with their mother. They sprang forward to me as usual; but I told them it was not kind to leave their mother, and bade them return. The lady stood at a distance, and watched us; and when the children had walked a little with her, they were sent in; then, to my dismay, with slow steps she approached me, and for a moment stood before

me silently. I lifted up my heart for grace to help, for I thought she had come to complain of the children loving Jesus. But no! She said almost timidly,

"May I sit down with you?"

I made room for her by my side. She continued, "I come to thank you for your kindness to my children. You have won their hearts. As you have spoken to my L——, now speak to her mother." My heart was very full, as we talked together. I told her that I expected to leave my former lodgings. She asked me if she might send the children to visit me; "And will you let me come too — *come by myself?*"

She came; and I can only hope it was not in vain that we met.

My work was finished. I rang the bell and told my landlady that she would let her rooms, as my work was completed. She looked amazed, and said,

"If you really think so, I should like to go into the country with my family for a day."

I told her to do so.

In the afternoon I went out, and on my return I saw a carriage laden with luggage at the door. I felt the time was come — that the rooms were mine no longer. Even so. The servant did not wish to let them, and therefore named half as much again as her mistress had spoken of. It made no difference; the people engaged them. When the landlady returned, her house was let at a price far beyond her usual terms. The family remained many months during the dull season, when no other houses near had inmates. It was the means of awakening in the landlady's heart a desire of learning something of Him, whom she knew not as the Saviour of all men, specially of those who believe. She came to see me several times, and blessed the remembrance of the wonderful way in which the Lord had kept me in her house.

I took a lodging, the only one I met with that was within my means; it was a dull place, looking out on a wall. It had formerly been a large house, and was now divided into two or three smaller tenements.

I required a south room if possible, a good bedroom, and also rain-water; for the water in this place was very bad. I mentioned these wants to my heavenly Father, leaving other things to him to choose for me.

I felt very anxious to be where the Lord needed me, and I prayed for these things partly as a sign of his approval. While I was in the drawing-room speaking of the rent, the landlady said, "If you will come and see the bedroom, I think you will decide upon it; it is a large south room, with a wide bay-window." I went in and found, as she said, a delightful room; and as I went down stairs, she added, "We have a deep old-fashioned tank, full of rain-water, so that there is a bath for you every day if you like."

Then I knew that the Lord, by the woman's words, had said, "This is your place; rest here." Accordingly I took possession of my tent.

I went to bed, weary and thankful; but sleep was out of the question. Every quarter of an hour, through the thin partition, from

the other house, a low hollow cough rang in my ears. I arose more weary than when I lay down. The next night it was the same. At a loss what to do, yet feeling sure that here I was ordered to come, I was bewildered. At last I cried to the Lord, "Oh, how long am I before I reach out my hand to 'the Rock that is higher than I!'"

It became clear to me that I must go into the next house, and inquire for the person who coughed. God would teach me the rest. The people were Romanists. They told me that a family of three lodged above, and that one, the eldest girl, was dying of consumption. With some reluctance the man was persuaded to go up and ask them to see me. He returned, and said the sick one was alone; I might enter.

I shall not forget the scene. It was a lofty room, in the full blaze of a September afternoon. There were two large windows without blinds or curtains, scarcely an article of furniture but of the oldest and meanest description; and, lying on a heap of straw, covered with a coarse coverlid, was one of the most

beautiful women I ever saw, although far advanced in consumption. Her features were of the most faultless model, and a mass of golden hair, bright even though untended and uncared for, fell over her shoulders. Her large blue eyes looked up smilingly in my face without the least restraint or surprise.

I felt it was food that she needed, and said, "I am living next door. I heard you cough. Will it help you if I send some dinner daily from my table?" She did not reply, but smiled like a child listening to a story. I spoke but little more that day.

In a few days I remarked a visible change in her appearance. Her hair was now smooth on her marble-white forehead, and she had lost the expression of extreme exhaustion: her voice too was stronger. I told her that since my first visit I had not heard her cough above once or twice in the night. She said it was so, and continued,

"You must have thought me very rude when you first came and offered me dinner every day, and sent me what I needed; but I was expecting you."

"How so? I never was in this part of the town in my life before."

She answered, "Up to the day before you came to see me I had a kind friend to help me. She has very little means, only what she can give from her own savings. She was obliged to go from this place the day before you arrived. She had nothing to leave with me, no one she could ask to assist me; but she said God could help me. She passed the night in prayer for a friend to be raised up for me; and she told me one would be sent, and I believed her; so I was just watching for the friend God was to send, when you came in. When I saw you, though I expected some one, I could not speak." She added, "I was very weak."

"What food had you taken that day?"

She smiled as she answered, "Two potatoes."

The cough disturbed me no more. It ceased almost entirely at night. I visited her often, and she received me gladly. She was a very remarkable person; her age twenty-five. Her

father, a Protestant, was dead. At the father's death, her mother, a Romanist, brought her children and settled herself close by a convent. No one came near the poor girl. I was able to pray and read to her, and she loved to listen. I believed her converted. I cannot tell. She said she used to pray that I should not leave her while she lived, and her prayer was granted.

One day her mother asked the priest to visit her; then all our interviews were over. Food, now that she needed it not, was sent her from the convent, and her mother would throw away any little delicacy I sent her. She was surrounded with Sisters of Mercy and lady-visitors: but her end was come, and it mattered little. She became rapidly worse, when I received a summons to London. The day before I was to leave, I went in to see my poor neighbor. She was dying fast. She said over and over again, "I shall meet you in heaven." The weather was very sultry, but she could not bear the window open by reason of the noise, and the atmosphere of the room was almost stifling. She said,

"They asked me why I smiled just now. I could see what they could not. The flies are settling on my hands and face, and I smiled to see the angels brush them away. You believe me," she said, addressing me, "so I tell *you*."

My work was done; I did not see her die. She was in convulsions and insensible when I left the next day, and extreme unction was being administered to her. Oh, what had I not learned of God's loving care! I could only do what he gave me to do, and as long as he gave me to do it. But it was another experience of the necessity of casting our care on him who alone knows the way. If we are walking uprightly with him, we must not judge of God's guiding by the amount of natural satisfaction we receive in following it. He leads by paths we know not; and the lack of strength in his followers is generally from undue *reasoning*, and from judging before the time. It amounts to this: "Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." An unconditional surrender in *words*; but when the Lord goes before us, and we find ourselves in some barren desert,

or some lonely city dwelling — for it is in the multitude that the child of God feels most lonely, — then we say, "We asked the Lord to guide, and we have taken our own way." "Why are ye fearful? how is it that ye have *no faith?*" still sounds around our way, which we tread like frightened children.

Those who believe must not make haste. There is a purpose, and a *time* for every purpose. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." If the believer is taken up with the providences of God, and not with God himself, he will always be in uncertainty and perplexity; for who can understand his own ways, — much more the ways of him who holds creation in his grasp? For "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

A service is appointed us, like some point of land we are to reach through long travel: but before we reach that point which looms in the distance, we have hills, and valleys, and dreary paths, to tread. We know not what awaits us at the end; but we may be prepared

for it in the experiences of the journey. Paul knew he "must see Rome;" but his loving friends did not foresee how little the "prosperous" journey would resemble what they would have desired for him. One of the buds of promise in the crown of his espousals was, that he should *suffer many things* for the Master he was prepared to serve.

To walk with God you must become as a little child. You must be content to be counted a fool for Christ's sake. And truly you will have to walk very much alone. Some may say, "These men are full of new wine;" or, like the enemies of our heavenly Master, "Thou hast a devil, and art mad;" but "wisdom is justified of all her children." "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord. If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household? Fear them not therefore." Matt. x. 25, 26.

Are you willing to be despised for Christ's sake! You may be learned in prophecy, or otherwise instructed in the letter of the Word,

and receive honor from man; but if you will live godly in Christ Jesus, you shall suffer persecution. God himself hath said it.

If we look around at the busy workers, we should say that Christians were triumphantly carried over the persecution promised. But where are the peace and the power which should flow to Christians from communion with the heavenly Father? Nay, some are so busy keeping others' vineyards, that their own vineyard they have not kept.

Fellowship with God must spring from the simple faith of the little child; and this languishes if, instead of seeking his face, we are so occupied about his business, and engrossed with those around us, that we can only bring to him the wearied energies and the drooping spirit. No loving husband would be satisfied with such a return of affection; and though others might admire the zeal and activity of the busy wife, he would miss the companion of his life.

There is a certain stereotyped character discernible in the members of a body or sect

gathered under some favorite minister; they reflect his views and opinions, and also his defects.

The truths which have been burned into *his* heart, line upon line, in the furnace fires, often find a ready utterance from those who know nothing of them experimentally. Hearers and admirers adopt them, and thence the appearance of rapid advance in the divine life, followed by apparent backsliding. This is often nothing more than a return to their former position. Truths, rendered attractive by their novelty, have been received externally, while their vitality has remained unknown; like children's gardens filled with gathered blossoms that have no root, and so wither away. There are no defects in the Great Teacher; therefore, while the full value of pastors and ministers who are filled with the Holy Spirit is admitted, it must remain true that those who live in the society of the Beloved shall realize most of his beauty, and reflect most of his image.

Not for this will you be loved of the world.

You will realize what the Lord Jesus promised — "persecution;" and you will become an enigma to your brethren: "Neither did his brethren believe in him."

A poor unlettered man said to me one day, "Every believer needs to be confident that a supernatural power dwells within him; it is this which makes the difference between him and the world." Truly this is walking as children of the kingdom: this confidence invests them with power in their weakness; for God hath said, "All things are yours." With him we overcome; in him we have peace. We lack the fulfillment of these blessed promises when we do not walk with God.

Many saved souls know of this doctrine, but fail in the simple faith by which it is enjoyed. The Incarnate Word is that which God has given to nourish us — the daily bread from heaven.

Why is it that ordinances become wearisome, and work in its routine a burden? It is that Jesus is not carried into the changing events of every-day life. But when "Jesus only" is

all our salvation, and all our desire, then each hour is a page of deepening interest in the book of life. But if he is sought *only* at set times, or in ordinances, is it any marvel that the soul lacks appetite, and loathes the "light food," and thus becomes discouraged at the feeble realization of heavenly things?

Murmur not if friends fail you. The Lord knows you by name. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" If one knows only the letter, and the other seeks the spirit, probably he who knows only the letter will to the outward appearance outrun him who is led by the Spirit. Nevertheless, the promise is *not* to him that runneth. Psa. cxlvii. 10; Isa. xxx. 15, 16.

If you are seeking help from many counselors, you will fail to learn the immediate ministration of the mighty Counselor. If you look for sympathy from many comforters, you will miss the comfort of the endearing relationship of the everlasting Father. Isa. lxvi. 13. The day is at hand when the tears shall be wiped away from all faces. But the recollection of

this burden of grief shared with the man Christ Jesus: — those hours of darkness during which you waited at his feet for his voice of love; that hard speech and bitter taunt that sent you to cast your wounded heart before him for his healing touch; those silent hours when you sought it for guidance, and received special counsel to guide and help, — waiting times, but not idle hours, for they were spent with him who is our wisdom: — these seasons will be among your heavenly treasures.

Such remembrances even in this life shed a glory over the roughest billow; and hereafter, if not now, we shall see that we have walked the waters with him, and our loss shall be all gain in our fellowship with Jesus.

Thy hand controls the howling storm,
Thy foot is on the sea;
How can I tread the waters, Lord,
Unless I walk with thee.

CHAPTER III.

LEANING ON JESUS.

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command thee.
JOHN XV. 14.

THE disciple whom Jesus loved leaned upon his bosom. Dear reader, where are you? It is John to whom Peter addresses his question; it is to the loving one reposing in confidence on his breast that Jesus answers. It is Mary listening at his feet that the Anointed One of God commends; it is from her hand that he accepts the significant offering which remains an everlasting memorial of her. Did he love these disciples more than the others? Nay; but they apprehended his love to them, and believed him when he said, "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will *manifest* myself to him." "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and *we*

will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Whatever place in the vineyard the Lord has appointed for his disciple, there is no position in which he ought not to be, and may not be, found leaning on Jesus, and listening to his words.

The Holy Ghost abides not in temples made with hands, neither can he delight in a divided heart. The merchandize that crowds the temple of your God must be cast out ere room can be made for him. Let not the lowing of oxen drown the voice of the Beloved. Plead not that oxen are needful, that sheep and pigeons are gentle, harmless objects, and that money-changing is lawful, and then complain that you cannot see him whom you say your soul loveth.

If you are in earnest in seeking fellowship with the Lord Jesus, go to him — ask him to drive out the enemy before you. One sight of his beauty, and all lighter likings will take their appointed place, or disperse as snow-wreaths before the sun. Thus the soul, emptied of all meaner joys, will understand that it

has been redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot, that so he may dwell in you and walk in you, that you may be his people, and that he may be your God.

When one bereaved of her husband wept by the coffin of her only child, she exclaimed, "I see God will have my *whole* heart, and he *shall* have it." Not all that the Spirit was pleading within her soul was heard on earth; but the offering was accepted by him who inspired it: her eyes were opened, and she knew his voice, and henceforth followed him.

It is *the heart* for which the Lord is often contending in his dealings with his people, the *whole* heart; for it is in proportion as the old nature, with its affections and lusts, is crucified, that the indwelling of the Holy Ghost is manifested. How soon a desire unduly indulged, or an unholy thought unrestrained, will cast its shadow on the spirit; or idle words or foolish jesting break the sweet peace that reigned before! How rapidly and unconsciously some cherished affection may begat

an idol, which the hand of love must break in pieces.

For our poor hearts fail to know,
Where our gourds are growing,
Till the east wind lays them low,
And our tears are flowing.

A godly pastor, who had been much blessed in his ministry, lost the comfort and witness of the Holy Spirit. He became consciously straitened in his preaching, and weary of his work. He sought an aged member of his flock, and inquired of her if she still received benefit from his ministry.

"I no longer gain anything from your teachings," replied his honest heart.

"The fault may be in yourself," suggested the pastor; "perhaps you have ceased to pray for me."

"Not so," said she; "I pray, but the heavens are brass."

"Nevertheless, pray on," said the sad-hearted man, "and I will see you again."

Accordingly, after a week had gone by, he inquired anxiously, "What have you to tell me? was the power of the Spirit felt yesterday in my discourse?"

"Nay," replied the faithful woman, "it lacked unction. Your words were nothing to me."

"Have you prayed for me?" he continued; for he felt, in the desolation and coldness of his heart, how much he needed it.

"I said before," she answered, "that the heavens were brass, when I prayed for you; but this week the Lord says, 'Let him alone! he is joined to his idols, let him alone!'"

There was silence. Faithful are the wounds of a friend. *God* had spoken.

The pastor put his hand into his breast, and drew forth a miniature suspended there; throwing it on the stone floor, he stamped his heel heavily on it, and the ivory picture lay scattered in fragments at his feet. It was the portrait of his fair young daughter, who had been removed by death a few months before. Immoderate grief for her loss had hidden from him the face of the Master, who thus was pleading with him for his whole heart, waiting to restore to him the joy of his salvation; for what have we to do any more with idols?

From the slavery of sin, from the hard bondage of our own will, the Lord Jesus died to deliver us. And yet that unbroken communion out of which true service can alone flow seems to be desired and sought for too often *in* service, rather than recognized as the *source* from whence it springs.

The works of nature are types of those of grace: day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, shadow forth the soul's progress.

Even were we living above our besetting sin of unbelief, yet the fellowship of the Lord Jesus nowhere promises exemption from tribulation; for the trial of our faith is much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried by fire. Fiery trials are no strange things to the Lord's followers. The rejoicing in them is not of the old nature, but is born of the Holy Spirit; and that joy looks beyond the fellowship of suffering, "that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

Many timid followers of the Lord, with

broken health and shattered nerves, add to their own sorrows the often-recurring thought that they have grievously departed from God. They have lost some of the comforts which they enjoyed in other days, and thus they think it was better with them then than now. The overtaxed brain, the jaded mind, and weary body, cannot respond to the joy that once thrilled their souls at thoughts of the Lord's gracious dealings with them.

Distrust not his love, thou tried and tempted one. Jesus is the *same*. Thy heart is resting on him, or it would not grieve over its own unworthiness, and that it can no longer offer the glad sacrifice of praise. Christ is all, all that you cannot be, and he is thy praise. Fear not! His thoughts are "thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end." Another thorn in the chaplet will make heaven the sweeter: soon shall the thorns be exchanged for a crown of glory. Another nail in the flesh will make the cross lighter, and the sight of him thou lovest shall make amends for all.

The shadow that sin casts becomes more and more oppressive. And even when repented of, the face of the Lord may not be seen, and a sense of spiritual desertion may be permitted, as well as any other chastening, that the soul may take heed to her ways. The closer the communion that may have subsisted, the keener will be the suffering of any departure. "I opened to my Beloved; but my Beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone: my soul failed when he spake; I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer." Song of Solomon v. 6.

To retain unbroken communion we need the constant remembrance of the blood which cleanseth; otherwise, when the spiritual sight becomes clearer, the heart will be dismayed at the often-recurring view of the cage of unclean birds within us. When the river lies calm in the summer sunlight, it reflects, as in a mirror, the banks that overhang it, and the blue sky above; but cast a pebble into the water and disturb its repose, let a whirlwind sweep over it, or a boat cross its surface, then the serene

reflection of the heavens is broken into fitful gleams, or altogether obscured. The sky is really as fair as ever, but peace must reign upon the troubled waters before that sky can be reflected in them.

We know how light a cloud will mar our peace. Then how can it be beneath the majesty of the Most High to take cognizance of the minutest temporal affair of his beloved ones? There is none too small for the Infinite to guide and rule, and it is, in fact, broad infidelity to doubt it.

I had lately arrived at ——, and was accompanying a lady for a drive. I was struck with the beauty of the downs, and remarked that the church was being rebuilt, and that there was no place of meeting for the people without a long walk. I said, "Oh, how I wish my lot had been cast *here!* How I should have loved to visit the cottages." However, I was far from them.

I was very comfortable in my cottage lodging, until a man who had a room in it began to smoke. This affected my heart, and brought

on fainting. I sent to ask him to desist, but he rudely refused. I did not like leaving my pleasant summer cot, where I had expected to remain many months. I prayed to be directed; for I strove to endure the sickness, and thought I should perhaps become accustomed to the annoyance. At last, I asked the Lord to lead the man to give up smoking, or to keep me from suffering. If not; then, as I was fast losing all power of moving, to let me see whether it was his will that I should depart.

The following day the smoke was worse, and I fainted. For some days I could not walk. I had no friend in the place that I could ask to seek for a lodging, and one I must have at once. So I sent for my old chairman to inquire, and went out, praying the Lord to put into the mind of the chairman the house *he* wished me to occupy. The man said, Yes, he knew some lodgings, "very beautiful ones," in the center of the town. I told him the town would not suit me. So he went on very sulky for a time, and I very dark and unhappy. At last I said to myself, "What a

hypocrite I am! I ask the Lord *where* he wants me, and pray him to put it into the mind of the man, and when told, I say, 'It does not *suit* me!'"

When my mind had reached this conclusion, and *before* I could speak, the chairman stopped and said, "I wish, ma'am, you would let me take you to see the lodgings." I now answered him, "Certainly." He quickened his pace; and when he stopped I found myself in a gloomy street, before a fine old house that in former days had stood alone. A suite of many spacious rooms were offered me at a proportionately high rent.

I told the person they were not suitable either in situation or price.

She said, "Would you object to a house in the country, about a mile on the other side of the town?" I answered, it was exactly what I should like.

The girl said, "That is very singular. We have a cousin just come in, who asked us to speak of her to a lady. She has a large pleasant cottage, and a good servant; *do* see her."

I saw her. She begged me to go and look at the apartments. The chairman was ready to take me anywhere. The evening was beautiful, and I arrived at the cottage long before the mistress. I found a large delightful upper room, with bay window, and a charming bedroom, in great order and cleanliness. I engaged them of the servant, and returned home glorifying God! The following morning I took possession of my new tent, and again my health was restored in a few days to its former state.

The glory of the harvest set in; it was a month of golden beauty. One morning at ten o'clock I set off, with my books and tracts, into the harvest fields. I threaded a long shady lane, turning into the fields where I saw the laborers, and about noon found myself at a bend of the road, in a plain — this same plain where I had longed to work among the cottages! I sat down and almost wept with joy. Did I not go on? No: I had my service close at hand. It was enough for to-day to praise.

Nearly every morning I set forth. Every where doors opened, and glad welcomes greeted me.

One morning the strongest inclination seized me to go to the town for some purchases that seemed indispensable, though I had prayed much to be helped on the plain. I am assured it was a device of Satan; for it was only in the clear blaze of this hot sun that I had strength to walk or speak. I *waited* when I began to suspect the enemy, and felt it was better to be still and do nothing, than do wrong.

At last it came clearly that my way was to the harvest field. The conflict had made me later in leaving, so that it was nearly noon before I had gone through the field and entered the plain. I was growing very weary, and looked out for a cottage where I could perhaps procure some milk. I was at a loss whither to bend my steps, when I saw, on a bank near, a girl knitting. On inquiry, she told me that a little further on there were two paths, and if I took the one to the left, it would lead me to a dairyman's. I was hoping the girl would

accompany me, for the direction was vague. I was weary, and the heat was excessive; but she was sullen, and would scarcely give me an answer, and refused any further information.

There were many roads, and I could not see any house near; but on crossing the field, two paths diverged, and in the shelter of an orchard I saw the chimneys of two cottages. I hastened down a path before I remembered that I had *not* asked the Lord to direct me, but immediately retraced my steps, and asked his Spirit's guidance, and found myself in the same direction.

I am *minute* in these particulars, because I learned a lesson *practically*, that in no other way, I think, is taught so as to be useful.

At the end of this path was a wicket gate. I was crossing an old-fashioned garden, when I met a young woman. I told her I wanted to find the cow-keeper's, that I might procure some milk, and I believed that was the cottage.

God only knows what a trial of faith it was when she told me the other was the cow-

keeper's. The trial was, not my exhaustion, but in suspecting that I had after all walked according to nature, and not by the Spirit. She saw that my countenance fell, and pointed out the road very kindly. I had a little book, and I felt I must give it to her, though I had kept it for whoever gave me the milk, as I had no money with me. I turned, with sorrow in my heart, to retrace my steps once more, when the girl hastily followed me, saying, if I would go through their homestead I could reach the cow-keeper's in half the time. Again I turned back, and went through a court that opened into the dairy. I made known my request, and was rudely refused; and wondering in my heart what it all meant, I left the cow-keeper's, purposing to rest on the wayside until I could get back to my lodgings. O faithless heart! the Lord was *working*, and I could not trust him.

The young woman was leaning on the wicket gate, evidently watching for me, and accosted me as I bent my head in passing.

She said, with some hesitation, "My mother,

ma'am, has been watching you from the window. She said to me, 'Mary, that lady looks very ill and tired. Go out and ask her if she will rest, and let us offer her what refreshment we have.' "

My heart was full. I *knew* the Lord had gone before me. I entered that clean, cool cottage, with feelings which those only can understand who take rest, and food, and welcome, from the Lord God.

It was the brightest cottage I ever entered. The brass and copper that hung over the large open fireplace, the white walls, the bright casement overhung with honeysuckles, the snowy curtain, the polished chairs, and the sheltering trees over the roof, made it a sweet rest to the weary pilgrim in the heat of a September noon.

A pale-faced woman, old-fashioned in appearance and gentle in her manners, had already spread a clean cloth on a table, and was preparing a meal. Home-made bread and cheese were placed before me, and as I sat down, mother and daughter stood by. The blessing

was a very long one for a "grace before meat," but my hosts stood in silent reverence while I asked a blessing on their home. The face of the mother was bathed in tears; the daughter never took her eyes from my face. Oh, my sweet, sweet Lord! what a welcome he gave me there! So I ate of their food, and rested quietly; for with genuine hospitality to a weary traveler they left me alone.

After a time the daughter returned and removed the table; and, strengthened and refreshed, I spoke of my beloved Master. The mother wept silently. Then addressing the daughter, I pleaded with her for Jesus. She listened attentively, and asked me a question or two that showed an unquiet mind. The afternoon had gone before I could leave them. Then the woman rose, saying,

"GOD has sent you. Oh, how my husband would love to speak to you! He is one who loves your Lord."

"And you?" I inquired.

"Yes," she said sadly; "but I have lived a long way from him, though knowing him.

But you have done me good. Will you come some day when my husband is at home?"

I found that he was only at home in the evening, so I felt it was not possible, as I could not walk in the evening: but I promised to go again if the Lord would send me.

Accordingly, in the middle of the following week, I went. The mother was alone. She greeted me with such joy, that at first she could hardly speak. She said the words I had been led to speak to her daughter had been greatly blessed, and her own soul had been revived. Her husband longed to see me; but it was in the busy harvest season, so we saw no prospect of that. I called several times, and as I went to and fro my heart sang songs of joy. Jesus walked with me.

One day I was detained on the road so late that it was afternoon before I reached the cottage. I knocked at the open door, and then entered. There I saw a harvest laborer.

"This is our lady, John," was my introduction; and there was no necessity to ask who he was, for they had told me that he loved *my*

Lord. And if God ever sealed the face of one of his own in this mortal flesh, the seal was on the face of this son of toil.

The heat of the day had been intense, and he had returned home to take his meal, and rest till eve. Truly he was taught of God. I had blessed communion with him. Jesus was indeed there, and I traced his love in giving me full measure, pressed down and running over, from the fountain of his fullness that day.

As I rose to leave, after praying together, he sat a few minutes silently; then rising, he came towards me, and taking my hand in both of his own, he bowed over it like any old courtier, and the blessing he breathed fell on my soul like dew from heaven. The tears were in his eyes. I have seldom seen such an expression — never above once or twice in my life.

"If we never meet again, madam, on this earth, I look for you before the Lamb slain, in heaven's glory." So we parted, all hoping to have another meeting here. But when I re-

turned to my lodgings a letter awaited me, which took me away at once. I never saw them again.

In several of the other cottages I had deeply interesting interviews, and in more than one I found some of the Lord's precious jewels. The wife of one of the laborers said that all through the winter her husband rose at four o'clock for an hour's prayer and reading the Bible, before he went out to his day's work. She herself went out washing. She slept heavily, and could not wake sometimes, so weary was she with her day's work. Her husband would rise so quietly as not to disturb her, and when she opened her eyes, there he was, with the little candle no larger than a rushlight, seeking in his Bible for his daily food. He labored in the field from five to five, and their garden was tended by him, and was fruitful and in good order.

I felt drawn to enter a hut, at the end of a long narrow slip of garden. I knocked in vain, and at last gently lifted the latch and went in. There sat an aged woman, bent

over a fire of withered branches and dead fern, which burned brightly on the open hearth. The room was narrow like the garden, a casement under a deep eave, and the fire at the extremity of the chamber. The poor old woman looked forlorn. At first she was very hard and sharp in her answers; but I have often to remember that broken glass will cut the finger with the least touch, and broken hearts without the sanctifying grace of God will do the same.

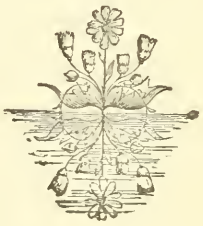
I asked her to let me rest; she consented. She was in trouble for a sailor son, of whom she had not heard for very long. "He was such a good son — she had only him." Then she took down the little pictures on the wall, views of Constantinople and the coasts of the Mediterranean, saying, he always used to send her these little tokens at every fresh voyage; now she never heard from him.

I spoke to her of him who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand, and told her in whom my soul was rejoicing; and then I pointed her to Him whose eye was on her son

in a distant land, and on her weeping by her little fire. I knelt by her, and prayed for the absent son. The poor woman looked on amazed, but listened. My prayer over, I was leaving. She looked at me and merely asked, "*Who are ye?*" as if frightened. I never saw her again. I can only believe my Lord sent me, and that he heard me.

I bless God that he gave me special grace at this season to *follow* him. I was content to sit in the sunshine, when he showed me that I should be silent, though that was often the hardest work. The Lord of the harvest will watch over the seed; and certain it is he accepts the willing mind in obedient service. Not one grain of the harvest will be lost, and not one effort to please him will pass unnoticed. For he is the center from which love and service spring. Just in proportion as the soul is in fellowship with the Lord Jesus, in communion with his will, shall we trace his leadings, hear his voice, and "understand in part" what we shall soon read in the light of his unveiled face. Were it not for my many and

repeated failures in obedience, my faithlessness, and my sinful yielding to my self-will, glorious things would be spoken of my Lord and my God.



CHAPTER IV.

FELLOWSHIP.

Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; for he is faithful that promised. — HEB. x. 23.

MANY are in bondage in regard to fellowship. Natural joy has been mistaken for communion, when the feet were not walking in the path of the Lord; while in another case, the joy in the Lord may still be there, even when the lips can only moan their sorrow. Did not Jesus say, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death" — "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me"? And shall we not have fellowship with the Man of Sorrows? Has he not cried, "Why hast thou forsaken me? And will he not be very near to us, if the same cry has gone up from the torn and tempted heart of one whom he loves?

The bulwark of the believer's hope is the *faithfulness* of Him who has called him. When,

through our unbelief, we miss the sight of the King in his beauty, let us not follow the watchmen with our clamorous grief; let us not cry to the daughters of Jerusalem to tell him our desolation; let us go direct to himself, that he may teach us to profit, and lead us in the way that we should go. If the consciousness of the love he bears us is blotted by our unfaithfulness, let us to the stronghold of his covenant. He is not changed; He loves us with an everlasting love.

Up, mourning soul! though shadows round thee hover;
Up to the stronghold! Christ's own might is thine.
Doth danger threaten? Lo! his wings shall cover,
And thou shalt say, "Behold, his strength is mine!"
In the sweet radiance of his presence sun thee,
When faithless hearts and harsh words wound thee sore;
Lean on that loving breast whose blood hath won thee
The right to rest there now — and evermore.

Again: the heart may be so absorbed with its own natural depravity as to lose sight of the fact, that it was for sinners by nature the Lamb of God gave up his sinless life. He died that in him we should be more than conquerors. He lives to cleanse and heal. "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as

the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Your outgoings and incomings, your trials and temptations, your sorrows and struggles, your hopes and fears, each secret service, and the sacrifice none else takes knowledge of, are more important in his eyes than in your own. No care that causes you one throb of pain is insignificant to him, nor one joy puerile that you would share with him. If we forget this, the loss is ours. *He* remains the same. And that we do forget it — forget Him in mere external labor, or lose sight of Him in careless slumber and disobedience — my often sorrowing heart knows too well.

Yet it is to his perfection we must look for peace, and not to our uncomeliness. We cannot make ourselves fair. He has made us fellow-heirs with himself in the kingdom of the Father, and he has called us "all fair" in his sight. We are accepted in the Beloved. "*He* loves me!" To realize this is life, and power, and rest. Love to Him who first loved us is the secret of the holy life.

But those who walk with Jesus know it is not always thus. There are lonely hours when he is not seen of the mourning soul. One who has never known the blessings of sight cannot comprehend the desolation of sudden blindness. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Yet even the shadows are caused by the sun, and are an evidence of his presence. Great is the loss of the sweet face of nature, or of the countenance of the best loved on earth; but what comparison does this bear to the darkness that hides the face of the Beloved? There is no comparison to it but a realization of hell, from which we are delivered by the Blessed. One whom this shadow shrouds. Bewildered by our loss, and the memory of the willful way, the disobedient or careless walk, we forget that sin has done the work that sin must ever do, and blotted out the *consciousness* of the eternal love of God, but not that love itself.

Satan will suggest that we have now forfeited the favor of Him whom we have called "Abba;" that never more will he condescend

to use so vile an instrument for testimony or service. Blessed be God! our great High Priest ever liveth to make intercession *for* us. Hush! He will not cast you off. Keep silence before him, and hear what the Lord saith: "Behold my hands and my feet!"

But there is another sense in which we feel deserted. A change of experience in the soul, wrought by the power of the Spirit, and not by the will of man, should be carefully examined in his light. The watchfulness which it demands may cause the exercised soul to consider her ways, and perhaps warn her from the net of the fowler, or deliver her from the snare. Mental afflictions are not sins, neither are temptations. Of the one he can heal us, and from the other deliver us. Desolation of spirit does not always spring from grieving the Holy Ghost; nor do I hold it as a mark of displeasure from the Lord, more than any other chastening, sickness, bereavement, etc., though it is the most severe to bear; but it is discipline always, and calls for self-searching and self-judgment. Those who live far off from God

know nothing of such darkness, and those who enjoy most continually his presence feel the withdrawal of it most acutely.

Nor do I think that all are called to the same participation in the sufferings of Christ. "Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator." 1 Peter iv. 19. To feel the heart's warmest emotions called forth in fervid utterance is a swift return for seeking the mercy-seat; but if we sought his face only for the joy it gives us, it might lead us at last to follow him, like the multitude, for the loaves and fishes. Prayer is still prayer; and though it is barren and cold in comparison to our desire, it is as real, and reaches heaven as surely, as if it were rich in fervor and eloquence.

I believe also that there is a certain desolation of soul, which is the answer to prayer for humility and deeper conformity to the Lord, with whom we desire to walk more closely. It is sent to arouse us to increased watchfulness, and to awaken us to cry for fresh supplies

of grace. It is experimental instruction in the ways of God, and intended to bring us into fuller sympathy with Christ's suffering members among whom he may design us to minister.

It will be understood that I am not dealing here with depression resulting from sin indulged or sin unrepented of; nor of failure through ignorance or temptation; but that spiritual drought and sorrowful depression which some of his faithful followers are called to suffer by the will of God.

It may be that it is permitted in order to give us an errand to the throne; and, to the soul that lives in communion, that errand must be to bring a blessing. I cannot remember many occasions, since I have been led to seek for treasures in darkness, in which I have not found some precious view of Christ's sufficiency for which I had to praise him. One I record.

A day of special nearness and enjoyment in the Lord was followed by much such a trial as I have touched on. A cloud overshadowed

my spirit. My heart, that so late had been absorbed in thoughts of Him I loved, and of service I desired for his sake, was now cold and dead. And yet I cannot say that I felt myself deserted; but as one left suddenly in darkness in a room before filled with golden sunlight. The room is the same, the furniture is not displaced; but though the windows may be open, the shutters are closed, and the lovely prospect in which we delighted is hidden. The Bible is still the Word of God; but it seems to have become a sealed book. The promises are ours; but we cannot enjoy them. The eternal glory is ours; but we can no longer rejoice in the thought of our portion. Christ is faithful still; but we cannot realize him. We may grasp his robe, and he knows who has touched him, and how it is with them; but we feel not the garment we grasp.

This day I often inquired, "Why is it thus with me?" I sat before the Lord that he might show me. The darkest hour of midnight heralded the dawn of his appearing "in another form."

It was impressed upon my mind in these sad hours, that by watching I should again see JESUS. So in my trouble I watched for the star that should rise upon my darkness, and point me to the object of my search.

From early dawn until evening I looked for my Lord to come and gladden my solitary soul. The sun went down, but the Sun of Righteousness had not arisen for me with healing in his wings. For "it was now dark, and Jesus had not come" unto me.

The cottage in which I then sojourned was in a very retired part of the country. It was situated in a lane, shadowed by elms, then almost bereft of their autumnal foliage, and by groups of lofty pine. Few passengers went by, as it was out of the high road, bounded on one side by the fields, and on the other by my garden.

Thankful was I this day that I was alone; for I was sweeping the chambers of my heart for my lost treasure, and longed for a messenger of the Most High to bring me some word from him; but none came. I read; but the Scrip-

tures, through which my Lord had so often spoken sweet words of consolation and guidance, were silent.

Late in the evening my servant had gone to visit a sick person in the neighborhood, and I sat alone in the house, watching the shadows deepen into night, and my sinking heart still saying, "Why is it thus with me?" The deep stillness was broken by a loud hurried knock at the outer door. At another time I think my natural fears would have caused me to tarry; but I rose without hesitation; for I had lost the light of my life, and all else seemed as nothing. Before I could reach the door, the knock was repeated more vehemently. I inquired who was there, and was answered by a stranger's voice, begging to see the lady who lived there. She did not know my name, but had heard of me as an unworthy disciple of my gracious Lord.

I opened the door, and, hastily lighting a candle, led the way into the drawing room. The broken accents, and the anguish on the face of the stranger, won at once my tenderest

sympathy. It was a painful case, to which I listened with intense interest, and long before she came to a close, my heart had taken up the burden of my sorrowful visitor. She was a Christian. Seven years before she had fallen into the snare of contracting an engagement with a man of the world. From year to year she had delayed ratifying it, hoping, as she told me, that his soul would have been given to her prayers. But it is not thus that the Lord meets his children's disobedience. He was outwardly moral in his life; he was willing to forego anything she disapproved, and observe any outward forms, to win her for his wife; but he had no desire or intention to change masters, or to exchange the slavery of Satan for the freedom of the service of God — that Lord whom still his betrothed loved, though she had followed him afar off, in ignorance of that divine command so clearly written for our warning in 2 Cor. vi. 14–17: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion

hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? . . . . Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord."

The day had arrived when, knowing her responsibility by a clearer knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, she must either contract "this unhallowed marriage," as she termed it, or part with him she confessed to love better than life, better than all but Christ. The anguish that convulsed her whole body, and the misery depicted in her countenance while this struggle went on, were like the wrestle with the powers of evil. And never had I such an experimental teaching of 1 Sam. vii. I also this day set up a way-mark of my pilgrimage.

There was no time to be lost.

"You must give him up. It must be done," I said, as I gently drew her to her knees by my side.

"But it will break my heart," she said despairingly, as she wrung her hands in the bitterness of her sorrow.

"Not so; Jesus is able to deliver you, if you only believe. He will comfort you. We will ask him."

She did believe, and she *was* strengthened. She rose from her knees with that same blessed peace stealing over her which must have calmed the fearful hearts of the disciples when, at the fourth watch of the night, the voice of Jesus floated over the billows, "It is I; be not afraid." In the power of the Spirit she had cast her idol from her, and broken-hearted at the feet of Jesus, had strength given her to leave all and follow him.

The blessing that fell from the lips of my visitor as we parted descended like dew upon my heart. Could she divine how the same gracious Deliver had used her sorrows for my consolation? When I had closed the outer door upon her, and returned to that room, the scene of much searching of heart and watching, and so lately of the wondrous power of the Lord mighty in battle, I was to prove yet more marvelously the faithfulness of Him who has never said "Seek ye my face," in vain.

I can only compare it to the sweet welcome of a beloved friend awaiting me. In the depth of my soul rang that voice that was never imitated: "I was a stranger and ye took me in." The flood of joy that filled my whole being spreading like the glory of day over the night of weeping, left me praising Him who so often has said to me, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?"

A word concerning my God-sent visitor. From that evening she grew in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord. The snare was broken, and she was delivered. Gracious was the Lord in his dealings with her — leading her, strengthening her, teaching her. From time to time I have been permitted to trace his wondrous work in her. She is now far distant from me. Love and gratitude to the instrument used by the Lord breathe in all her letters to me, though years have gone by. The praise with which she constantly records new blessings that owe their birth to that "memorable night" sends me to the feet of my beloved Lord, who alone knows the weak and worth-

less witness of his grace. She constantly impresses on me the necessity of reminding young Christians of that wily snare of Satan to entrap the unwary — the hope of winning a soul. We have no claim for protection and blessing in a self-constituted service in the path of willful disobedience. I use her own words:

"One hour I was raised up to the third heaven, believing that my lover was converted, so much pains did he take to deceive me; the next day I was dashed to earth by the discovery of his false pretenses. But he was dearer to me than life itself. Alone as I was, I could never have broken the tie that united me to him. It was then, even then, at the eleventh hour, that the Lord in his grace and mercy sent his dear servant to meet his poor wanderer, and by that grace and might gave her the power to break the yoke that had weighed so long upon the weary one's shoulders. May the prayers of that night be for ever before the Lord, that night to be remembered by angels, and never to be forgotten on earth. Not only was I enabled to give up the friend I loved so

fondly, but before I rose from my knees I received strength to renounce him, and then — to forget him! Never have I had a relapse."

Much, much more I could extract from her letters, that proclaims the loving kindness of the Lord to the upright in heart; but to me they are sacred pages. I never receive them as they follow me in my pilgrimage, but my heart is braced for service, although strength comes in a different form from that in which I expect it, and I exclaim, It is good to wait *on thee*. "I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go." Song Sol. iii. 4.

"MY INFIRMITY."

"Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies? And I said, This is my infirmity."
PSALM lxxvii. 9, 10.

I WEPT by the misty headland,
Down by the sea;
And none in that hour of anguish
Stood there by me.
Within and without was midnight;
Where once had been
The smile of the Lord who loved me
No Lord was seen.

I said, "On this earth's wide bosom
I walk alone;
God hideth his face, I'm forsaken;
All hope is gone!
I watch for his hand in the shadows
That shroud my feet;
I listen, and nothing I hear, save
My heart's wild beat.

"Cold, drear, is my soul, and loveless,
Hopeless and dead;
For God has departed for ever,"
Sadly I said.
"I shall never more bask in his presence,
Never proclaim,
With a song and the voice of thanksgiving,
Jesus' sweet name.

"Yet how can I marvel he leaves me,
Faithless and vain,
To walk in the light of his favor
Never again.
My heart hath forsaken his mercies
And mercy is past,
And my Lord, whom my sins have long wearied
Leaves me at last."

Then, swift as the flash of the lightning
Passing the sky,
Came a voice like a dove's in the woodland,
So tenderly;
When father and mother forsake thee,
Look thou above;
The Father eternal remembers
The child of his love.

"The shadows have gathered around thee,
Born of the light;
Had the sun never risen to warm thee,
Where were thy night?
Remember the springs in the desert,
Arid and drear;
For thee hath the wilderness blossomed:
Why dost thou fear?

"There are treasures beneath the dark waters;
Seek thou, and learn:
Hidden riches in secret places
Thou must discern.
And think not he changes or chides thee;
Comforts decline,
But Christ made the covenant blessings
Eternally thine.

"He gave thee his promise to keep thee:
Can he deceive?
He granted his word and his Spirit;
Only believe.
He sought thee, cast out and forsaken;
Bidding thee 'Live!
He gave thee the Son of his bosom:
More can he give?"

Then swift on the purple headland,
Down by the sea,
The light that seemed vanished for ever
Came back to me;
And I look on the MAN CHRIST JESUS
On God's high throne:
Forgive me, my Father! I measured
Thy love by my own.

CHAPTER V.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord. PSALM cvii. 43.

WHEN the apostle said, "I put away childish things," the Holy Spirit did not include simple childlike faith in our heavenly Father's care as one of the things to be put away.

The witness of the Spirit is too little regarded: his power and his presence in the Church of God have ceased to be expected and recognized in signs and wonders. While the fullness of the truth in doctrine has been set forth, our absolute dependence on the third person of the Godhead for the application of that truth to the hearts and consciences of men has not been fully recognized. He is admitted as an *influence* for blessing, but not always as the One whose prerogative alone it is to enlighten

the eyes of the understanding, by impressing the mind, by guiding the steps, by comforting the heart, and by warning and improving the conscience.

The gifts which were once manifested in the church of God are seen only at distant intervals and for brief periods. When they are beheld, they create such suspicion and amazement, as to beget the cry that went out aforetime against our blessed Lord: "He deceiveth the people." "Neither did his brethren believe on him." And yet the rivers of living water, which were to flow from the hearts of them that believed in Jesus, were promised only from the Spirit's life-giving power.

The happiness that burns in the heart of those who walk with God here is the foretaste of that which they look forward to enjoy in its fullness forever, — to live with him in unbroken fellowship; to be like him; to delight in him in whom the Father delighteth; to hear his voice; and to behold the King in his beauty; never more the shattered nerve and quivering flesh to act as a cloud on the perception, or

the shadow of sin to obscure the free revelation of himself. Oh, this is bliss unutterable! And now, even now, with eyes and ears so often dull, and heart and feet so often failing, is not this the desire born of the Spirit in the heart, — to "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth"?

And you who read, is this your desire? Then lose not the blessed privilege which he has given you of approaching the King at all seasons. Assure yourself continually of your oneness with him, and welcome the witness of the Holy Spirit in your heart. "And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us." 1 John iii. 24. If you do this, you will find a speech and language in things otherwise indifferent, but in which he delights to reveal himself to them that love him. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord. Jer. xxiii. 24.

Many a sweet love message will then be distinct to your heart, and tokens of his guidance and tender care will be read in his light; and these oftentimes from sources insignificant and

contemptible to those who are wise in their own estimation. In the presence of the Holy Ghost, in the temple of God, there is nothing common or unclean; for "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth. But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God;" and he has said, "In *all* thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths."

The Lord is *not* acknowledged in all the ways of his people, and therefore they remain in sad uncertainty whether he does direct their paths. It is not to acknowledge him in all our ways, ask for light upon our path and then to neglect the watchfulness needful to follow him in it. We are not to do the Lord's work deceitfully (negligently), and when we eat the fruit of our own folly to say, "It is the Lord." "Thou shalt be perfect [margin, upright, sincere] with

the Lord thy God." Deut. xviii. 13. From a lack of the witness of the Spirit, they who are thus negligent lose the blessed companionship of a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother; One in whose wisdom, and faithfulness, and power, they may alone continually and safely confide. The natural heart would have secrets of its own; it would fain, if it could, keep out of its counsels the Lord who searcheth it, and hide its ways from him. Fear, and shame, and unbelief, clothe the God whose name is love with the attributes of vengeance to the sinner. The soul rejoicing in salvation rests even in tribulation on the faithful love of him whose eyes are over the righteous, and whose ears are open to their prayers. Have you been tried by oppression and misconception, where you thought you had the best right to look for kindness and sympathy? Acknowledge him in it, and he will show you that the hearts of men can be turned by his Almighty power, or used as the means to hedge up your way. Christ's love changes not: it is a blessed reality. Barter not his precious smile, his sweet

companionship, for any earthly possession. Child of God! communion with the Father and the Son is your birthright.

There is no uncertainty as to *what* path the Lord has undertaken to direct; for he has written, "ALL thy paths." Not only in the dark way, when we are perplexed; not only when the heart is in heaviness through manifold temptations; but also when we tarry in the pleasant shade of Elim's palm trees, as well as by Marah's bitter waters; yea, *all* our ways he will direct and guide, as every day's need requires.

The holy inspired Word is the revelation of himself to man, from the sacrifice of Abel to the unveiling of the glory on Tabor's mountain, and the forty days' sojourn on earth. The world he has created is but one vast arena on which he is displayed. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." He is seen in the earth and the fullness thereof; in the sea and all that is therein. Not one form of insect-life can be withdrawn without marring the great

whole; nor can anything be added to its perfection. "He hath made all things beautiful in their time."

The ant, the coney, the spider, he uses as our instructors. The raven, the eagle, and the dove, are ministers of his. The palmerworm, the fly, the frog, the grasshopper, are part of his great army, which carries destruction to his enemies, and chastening to his people. Nor is there anything his hand has formed from Lebanon's cedar to the minutest lichen in our own land, which may not in turn become, through the power of the Spirit, our teacher, leading us to profit. When the circumcised ear is turned to listen to the Lord, with whom there is fellowship, then common events and natural objects become spiritual parables.

The soul that seeketh him shall find him everywhere, and rest continually in the realized sanctuary of his presence — the rock of the heart! Well may he exclaim, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!" when it is written that "his delights were with the sons of men." He is

more desirous to give than we are to receive that deep and full communion which he offers us, as free as salvation, without money and without price.

I was very happy in a place to which the Lord had called me. I had also the occasional rare enjoyment of communion with one who walked in the light of his countenance. The winter had been a time of suffering, but the early summer was breaking upon us, restoring me to some measure of health, and I looked forward to using it in his service.

One afternoon I sat in the sunshine, the valley at my feet, and the balmy breeze from the distant sea stealing over the May flowers. I felt soothed and invigorated, and never had my little tent in the wilderness seemed so desirable. The Lord had blessed me there. My heart was glad, for the Lord had made it joyful.

Suddenly, in the stillness, I felt my spirit drawn into the condition of listening, and the impression came strongly on my mind that I had tarried long enough in this place; I must

now arise and follow Him. I strove to set it aside; it seemed so opposed to the purposes for which I fondly hoped I had been raised from sickness into comparative health; but there it lay like a cloud upon the fair prospect before me. It was contrary to my natural taste to leave this spot, and there seemed nothing in opposition to faith in remaining. So I waited before the Lord, desiring to do his will when it was made evident to me. I asked to see my way straight before my face.

Later in the day I saw my friend, and said to her, "I think it is the Lord's will that I should leave you, and go to the place that he will show me."

Great was the opposition I met with. "It is Satan," she exclaimed impetuously. "He sees the blessing here, and he has put it into your mind to go away."

This indeed was a fiery dart of the wicked one, and one to which I have not very often been subject. Job's wife was used by Satan to tempt him, and the friend who walked with God was used to try me, and prove again that

the treasure is "in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." The temptation to listen to her was the greater, because she had followed Jesus for many years, and I for only three.

There is an extensive service for the weakest of the family, who are circumcised in heart and spirit, and who seek not praise of men. Let none, then, be discouraged; nevertheless, their faith must not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. I find my need continually to be reminded of this. That service has been the most blessed which I have received direct from the Spirit of Truth, — when, like Paul, I have not waited to confer with flesh and blood. "Neither told I any man what my God had put into my heart to do," has often been one of the secrets of success in service, seen only by himself.

The source of life in the body is hidden; we only see the results. The breath of the life of Christ hidden in the soul sets in motion the spiritual creature: the effects are felt and seen, but the life is hid with Christ in God. Our

self-seeking and lack of subjection, our little quietude and patient waiting, hinder the fruit for others, and leave the soul barren and unfruitful towards God. Work begun, continued, and ended, without any knowledge that the work *for* God is really *of* him, or acceptable *to* him — work done without any communion with him in its details — may still, by God's long-suffering grace, be blessed to others, but it is not blessed to the servant.

I met with great opposition from my friend. From this day I rapidly lost my strength. This I felt was the hand of God; so I proposed to make the matter a subject of special prayer, that I might understand the will of the Lord concerning me. My friend left me, unconvinced that the Lord would have me leave the place to which he had called me; and promised to see me on the morrow. "The way of the Lord is strength to the upright."

Next morning she met me with her heart subdued to his will, but still reluctant to give me up at once. "Yes, it is all true," she said sadly; "you must go, but I think not just yet."

However, I prepared for my departure a few days later. A letter reached me from a Christian lady, suggesting my going for change of air to the neighborhood where she was residing. I had lost my strength so rapidly, that I was thankful that the place proposed was within an easy distance, which I might accomplish without much fatigue.

The set time being fully come, I went. I called on the lady to learn where my lodgings were situated. As I waited for her in the drawing-room, feeling very weary and ill, Satan took occasion to tempt me by suggesting that *this* was not my place; that I had left the one designed for me, the pleasant little resting-place, and the service suitable to my weak hand, and had moreover refused to be guided by my wise and loving friend, who knew the way of the Lord better than I did. In the midst of this fierce onset, a large stone was thrown with violence against the window behind me, and the glass lay shattered around. With a cry of pain I lifted my sinking heart to the Lord. I dare not write the rebellious

thoughts that rushed through my mind, soon to be put to flight at the word of my faithful God.

"*Wherefore*," I cried, "wherefore *this*, O Lord?" Instantly it was brought to me, that "*this* also cometh from the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working," though my thoughts did not run in the exact words of Scripture.

I felt sure that the tender Guide of my pilgrim way would not have permitted an additional trial of my faith, or an added pain to my suffering body, were it not that he had a purpose to fulfill for his own glory, in which also I might know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, that I might be made conformable unto his death; and thus for me my loss was gain.

I pressed my hand firmly on my heart, and prayed him to calm and still the throbbing pulse of pain. He did so. Before the lady had entered the room, I had returned again to the peaceful position of rest, and I could say, "Happy are thy servants which stand *contin-*

ually before thee." "But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me, and the lifter-up of my head." Now was the time to watch. The culprit of the broken window lived in a lane, through which we passed to my lodgings. The lady proposed accompanying me, and calling on the way to make a complaint against the boy to his parents. The cottage was pointed out. I declined to enter, and stood without. After some time had elapsed the door was opened. My friend came out first, and on the threshold of the door stood a tall, pale, stern-looking woman, with a countenance in which anger seemed mingled with bitterness of spirit. I cannot describe the effect of her appearance upon me. Like a roll of mighty waters came the voice of Him who had called me to follow him —

"*Therefore!*"

I kept all these things, and pondered them in my heart, "neither told I any one."

I had lately experienced the additional trial of seeking guidance from man. It is not well always to reveal the counsel of the Lord.

When tempted to speak unadvisedly and sin with my lips, my loss has been great. I have found few who understood or cared for the manifestation of the Holy Spirit, and speaking of it to those who cannot receive it has occasionally been used by Satan to lead them to imitate the walk without the calling, or to scorn the divine manifestation, and bring sin upon their souls.

A few days passed. Helped by the quietude, and more invigorating air, I revived.

One afternoon I went to the house in the lane, feeling assured that I had a mission there. It might be only a few words. I had seen that in his sight much doing was of no value without *himself;* and that he who cared for the sparrow would care for me. I stood at the door, content to do his will by the power of the Spirit.

After waiting long on the step, the door was slowly opened by the stranger, whose name even I did not know. The pale, stern face was even sterner and more rigid. She recognized me as the companion of her visitor, and,

perhaps, imagined I had come on the same errand, or one equally unwelcome; for she did not appear inclined to let me enter. But the Lord is "able to subdue all things unto himself." He had taken me to the door, and opened it; now he bade me enter. I asked permission to rest awhile, and she gave a cold assent.

Nothing daunted, I sat down. The air of desolation in the half-furnished room was indescribable. I could not help feeling that the occupant had belonged to a better position in life than she now occupied. This proved to be the case. She had married a poor man; her family were too "respectable" to help her, and had therefore cast her off.

She was cold and reserved, and but for the pity and sympathy the Lord put into my heart towards her, I could not have remained as an intruder.

At length I drew from her that her husband was at sea, and she now feared he was dead, so long had she been without any tidings of him. She had six children, only two of

whom could earn anything. She was friendless, and had no claim on the parish. Bitterness was in all her speech, and the proud heart seemed galled and irritated that her circumstances were disclosed to a stranger's ears.

I spoke, as the Lord seemed to guide me, of the refuge in the day of trouble, and the power of him who is that refuge. There was no response. I opened my Bible, and asked her if I should read. She assented gloomily. As we proceeded, I found that she knew, at least intellectually, the doctrine of the cross; but of the peace and the power which flow from an experimental realization of the love of God she had no experience.

I ceased to read, spoke a few words on the loving kindness of the Lord, and asked the desolate woman if I should pray. Her answer was slower; she seemed to hesitate. At length she replied:

"If you *like*."

I *did* like. As I knelt, I said to her, "What do you wish me to ask the Lord? What do you want?"

She seemed startled, and answered abruptly, "Want! why I want my husband to come back, or to know where he is!" But it was in a tone which seemed almost to deride the thought of going to the Almighty God on such an errand.

"Kneel with me," I said, "and I will tell the Lord."

She knelt. I pleaded the tender compassion of my Father, and his promise. I told him, as minutely as I knew, the sad circumstances of the poor wife and mother, and finally asked him to let her hear of or from her absent husband, if still in the body, and to help her now, and cheer her sorrowful heart. Clear and strong came the voice of the Spirit witnessing that the petition was of him."

"*In three weeks she will meet with him.*"

Before I rose from my knees, I said to her, "In three weeks you will meet with him."

She was silent; but the amazement and fear visible in her countenance proved to me that she had not yet been comforted, and did not know the love of God. But he was in my

heart, and God is love; and I yearned over the forlorn woman.

She kept her eyes upon my face, while I spoke with the tenderness I felt; but no answering emotion lighted her own countenance. I rose to depart, happy in the tender message of my Lord, and bade her farewell, without receiving any response. My foot had passed the threshold; she silently followed me, and suddenly stretched forth her long thin arm, until her cold hand grasped my shoulder convulsively, and arrested my steps.

The Lord had smitten. Large tears were on her face. In a hoarse voice she cried out, rather than said, "You 'll come again! You 'll come again! — won't you? I 'll weary till I look on your face again."

My heart was full as I went on my way. It is good to trust Him who alone seeth the end from the beginning. I looked back. The light fell full upon the tall gaunt figure upon the threshold. Her head was still turned in the direction of my steps, but her arm had fallen despairingly by her side, and then the door of the dreary home was closed.

I visited her again, and strove to lead her to believe in the love of God to her. Sometimes she was cheered, and the Lord enabled me in some degree to help her. Ten days had gone by, when one morning a little rosy child came to my lodgings. The landlady told me she had even then been long waiting to see me. I bade her come in, and recognized the youngest child of the absent sailor, for I could not believe him dead. Bright and fresh as the flowers stood the happy messenger, her face proclaiming that she was the bearer of an important secret.

"Mother sent me with this," she said, producing a letter; "it came last night. Mother said, ma'am, *you* would *like* that letter;" and the merry eyes twinkled with delight as she watched me read it.

It was from the sailor husband. A vessel, homeward bound, had brought it to the very port near to our dwelling, and a sailor had sped with the good news, with a sailor's delight in helping a messmate's wife. It told her the occasion of his long silence, breathing strong

affection to her and his children: he longed to be with them again, and asked her to go to Falmouth to meet him in a week from the date of the letter; for, wind and tide permitting, they should be in the harbor by that time.

Three days within the three weeks they met. Was this chance?

I went to her at once, to share her joy and hasten her journey. A neighbor agreed to look after the children. I remained until she returned with her long-expected husband.

"God is faithful. The Lord told us you should see him again," I said, as she came forward to greet me, her face beaming with joy.

"Yes; but I did not believe him then — did not believe your words."

The ship was paid off, and her husband joined her. No sooner had he arrived than the Lord led me to another place. "When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me." Ps. xlii. 4.

CHAPTER VI.

DESERT PLACES.

He withdrew himself into the wilderness, and prayed.
LUKE v. 16.

"THE Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands." The new heart is his abode, and there the Holy Spirit testifies his presence, felt, if not acknowledged, even by those who despise his power. However contracted the sphere, however antagonistic surrounding circumstances may be, let none despair of testimony, and therefore of service. The land cannot be barren through which the river of life is flowing. Can a soul be unfruitful if it realizes fellowship with Jesus? Thus in the solitary place the stranger may look confidently to the heavenly Boaz to perform the kinsman's part. We all know that in order to experience the weight of loneliness it is not needful to be alone; the caverns of the heart God only can fill. Thorns hedge up the busi-

est path, and even in the home circle there may be an isolation of the spirit, perhaps more complete than in a desert solitude.

Such seasons are offers of special blessings, when the Beloved cries, "Open to me!" He waits to come with new and living power to the soul, in the tender relationship of friendship. "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice and thy countenance is comely." Song of Solomon, ii. 14.

Surely none can sympathize with his solitary followers so well as he who has gone before them. Remember his divine capacity, and his lowly station on earth, his pure mind that endured the contradiction of sinners, and his holy life that called forth the scorn and hatred of men. But he went into the wilderness, and there "prayed." He is in the wilderness still, and he has allured his loved ones thither, that they may hear his voice, and learn more of his loving heart than they have yet done in the busy activities of life.

But there are those who tread this solitary path, too faintly realizing the love and favor of God. To them the wilderness is a place of conflict. But ah! with whom is that conflict? Not with God, but with the powers of darkness — "with wicked spirits in heavenly places."

Soldiers of the cross! followers of the Lamb! be of good comfort; the Captain of our salvation will meet his wounded soldier here. Does he command heavy chains for the feeble hands that can scarcely plead for the dumb lips? Does the Lord upbraid the weary one? Does he cast the sinking soul from his sight? Nay! He stoops to wash the dust-stained feet; He cleanses the gaping wounds, pours in the oil of his love, and lays the drooping head upon his breast. "In all their affliction he is afflicted."

Be of good courage, ye who meet the enemy's malice in many a fierce encounter in the desert places. Jesus is the adversary of your enemy. Confide in him: "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward." As you live with him, you shall

live for him; for "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

I knew a man of God who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. It was impossible to observe him and not feel that he was separated from those around him by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. He told me in deep humility, that he could not "speak for the Lord," by which I discovered that he meant that he could not accost strangers on the subject of their personal salvation. If he could not speak to man, he could to God; and never shall I forget the first time I heard his voice raised in supplication and prayer at a little wayside gathering. I knew not from whom it proceeded, but I felt that whoever it was, that soul had power with God.

He went to live in a village where none cared for anything beyond this present life; he was a stranger indeed among them. Early and late he labored in the fields. But the Lord of the whole earth had ordained a blessing for this dark hamlet when he sent his servant there, and a river of the water of life was to

flow through this lonely man, unseen by all save the One who keepeth Israel, and who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

Yet for this ministry the servant of God was not required to forsake his calling, but to follow the Lord in it. He lived in a poor thatched cottage on the outskirts of the village: and when his work was done, seated by the low casement of his room in summer time, he rested his weary heart in close communion with his heavenly Friend. Dispirited by intercourse with the mocker and profane, he refreshed himself with new contemplations of the covenant of grace, or pondered over the promises which he was every day proving for himself to be priceless treasures and constant sources of spiritual power.

As he communed with God aloud, and poured forth his soul in prayer, a woman of ill character passed by the cottage door; the sound of the stranger's voice arrested her steps, and she lingered by the casement. She listened. Never before had she heard a soul speaking to the God of its life in such glad

thanksgiving for redemption through the blood of the Crucified, or imagined such holy boldness in approaching the Holy One, by her unsought. It seemed a new language to her ears. The prayer ceased. The listener, astonished, and perplexed, went on her way, and the solitary man, the charge of angels, lay down to sleep. None but God saw that tiny rill of life that followed a sinner's steps, whispering, "Come!" "And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come; and, whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. xxii. 17.

Another day passed. The woman again took up her station in the twilight to listen, and the freedom from condemnation in which the stranger rejoiced seemed to bind her in chains of misery unfelt before. Her occupation was a degrading one. She possessed a voice of remarkable power and sweetness; her husband frequented the taverns in the neighborhood, and she accompanied him, for with the price of his wife's company and songs he procured from the landlord or his guests the liquor that he thirsted for.

Day by day the singer marked the man of God, to see if his life contradicted his desires after holiness, for his prayers set a sign upon him; she watched for his halting week after week, but watched in vain. While in many a conflict, and in humble brokeness of spirit, this dweller in the desert seemed to himself a cumberer of the ground, as far as bringing any honor to God was concerned, yet through him flowed the living stream which should turn "the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into watersprings."

God's minister slept, unconscious of his ministry, little dreaming that the prayers he had breathed in the silence of that summer evening were disturbing the midnight orgies of sinners to whom he had never spoken, and who had never heard of his existence. The woman's heart was heavy, and she could not sing. She turned away in bitterness of spirit from the scene in which she had hitherto dwelt contentedly. The anger of her husband raged against her; his gains were gone, and the means of procuring his evening's unholy revelry were

over. His persecution added to the poor creature's distress, but it was as nothing in comparison to the weight of misery on her heart. Heavier and heavier pressed the burden of her sins; the way of escape she knew not; despair took possession of her soul. Satan now thought the prey was his own; he whispered that "in death there was no remembrance;" but the enemy added not, "and after death the judgment."

The heart-stricken woman saw only one way of escape from her wretched life and the memory of her sins, and she determined to rid herself of an existence which had become intolerable to her. One morning when she thought herself secure from interruption, she went to a neighboring stable, and tying a noose in a rope, fastened it securely to a beam in the roof, and prepared to end a life too miserable to be borne. But, as her foot was on the edge of the loft from which she premeditated casting herself down, the stranger's praise and thanksgiving for redemption through the precious blood of Jesus came flowing into her mind, and arrested

her. She knelt; she repeated again and again the words of the prayer which had taken her captive: such sweetness came with the words, "Redeemed! pardoned through the precious blood of God's dear Son!" As if the flood-gates of her tears had opened the way for prayer, it poured forth in a wondrous tide. The sinner wept at the feet of Jesus! The prey was taken from the mighty. Hour after hour went by, and she heeded it not; and daylight had faded into evening before her new-born joy allowed her to perceive that the day was spent, and she was saved.

When the servant of the Lord returned to his dwelling, it was to find a rejoicing child of the faith awaiting him, the fruit of those days that seemed of no account, save that he walked in fellowship with Jesus. He had lived near the fountain; the stream that flowed in refreshment through his own soul had given life to the weary one without. John iv. 14.

Year after year, from many a prayer-meeting arose the voice of the rescued minstrel, clear and strong, in strains of praise to the Lord and

Giver of life. And not alone. Her husband was by her side, the first to give heed to her words, and to believe her witness to the Lord's long-suffering mercy towards herself. Heaven alone can declare the harvest of that lonely man who walked with God.

Have you not shrunk from desert places, whether in the city's solitude or elsewhere, and yet found that the Lord there revealed himself in a manner that no other circumstance could have afforded?

Has he not there proved better and dearer to you than ten friends, and has not the wilderness rung with songs of heaven? There you have had some new communication with the Lord you loved; and, like Jacob in his desert solitude, exclaimed, "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

I have had some experience of desert places in my wanderings: they have ever been productive of richest blessings. When, by the grace of God, I have been able to look to Jesus, and to Jesus only, he has made the wilder-

ness and the solitary place glad for me, and caused the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Subjection is a needful requirement to meet the mysterious dealings of the Lord. The *will* must be given up, not only as to place, but as to manner of service; and this is often the Isaac last laid upon the altar.

Rocks intervene which hide the Shepherd from the sheep, but never the sheep from the Shepherd. His wisdom apportions what shall be fitting for growth and health. The footsteps of the flock are traced often on the ridges of the mountain path; the herbage is scanty there, and they are often bleating for him who is not far off.

I narrate the following incident, trusting to the Lord to bless it to some member, as feeble as myself, who may be cast in desert places.

I was in a position of peculiar discomfort, surrounded by careless worldings, without any Christian companionship. Physically I was unfitted for any outward service, and I missed the quietude needful for calm meditation. For

days together I could not write or read, and often it was an effort to think or pray.

My beloved Lord had so unmistakably placed me in this position, that I could confidently rely upon his purpose being fulfilled; though what that purpose was, excepting the discipline of an often impatient will, I knew not.

Waiting hours are seed-times of blessing. But it is often the fourth watch of the night ere we say, "It is good to wait on thee." "I waited patiently for the Lord," is the key-note of a song of praise. When I say that my Lord was present with me, I do not mean that I was in a state of joyous emotion, but I realized his promises, and knew that he was near me.

If we watch in times of tribulation, and limit not the Holy One of Israel, the desert will be to his children what it was of old, a wondrous arena on which his almighty power is displayed. Darkness of circumstances is quite a different phase of trial from darkness of conscience. Though painful to the flesh, the soul has a secret pleasure in watching the Lord's way in the mighty waters, even when his footsteps

are not seen; and remembering his faithfulness, it exults, saying, "The Lord God shall help me, *therefore* I shall not be confounded." "The darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day. The darkness and the light are both alike to thee." "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." Isaiah l. 10.

One day, while I was sitting by the window close upon the street, an earnest-looking man passed with a Bible under his arm. I watched him, feeling sure that he was on some service for my beloved Master. I said, "I cannot read *my* Bible; Lord, help me to pray for one who can." I had at once the most blessed realization of the acceptance of my prayer following a servant of the Lord — for this I felt he was, — and leaving a blessing with him.

A week had gone by, when a steamer was preparing to sail. She was being loosed from her moorings, when I saw the same thoughtful-

looking man with his Bible evidently hastening to the vessel. I prayed the Lord to detain it until he could reach it; and I had the satisfaction of seeing the stranger take his place, as the steamer left the quay.

I then remembered that it was on this day of the preceding week that I had begun to pray for him. Then I said in my heart, "Who knows but the Lord has placed me here to pray for one who needs special help at this season? I will accept it as a service;" and I gave myself to prayer.

Speaking naturally, I had not the least prospect on earth of hearing of any result. Seven weeks passed by; I was expecting to close a sojourn which, though one of much trial, had been brightened for seven weeks by the consciousness of a secret service known only to God. He "divideth to every man severally as he will." I looked only to the day when hidden things should be revealed, to know how my prayer had been blessed.

The Lord had ordered it otherwise. He is a gracious master to those who work but one

hour in his vineyard. I discovered for whom I had been held in prayer; and, previous to my departure, the Lord so ordered circumstances that I was obliged to apply to the stranger on a matter which required his immediate reply.

This necessitated my writing to him. I longed to know something of him; but I kept the matter in my heart, and confined myself wholly to the business I had in hand. But when my letter was written, I felt the Lord did not smile on it: so I thought again, and prayed, and rewrote it, but did not wait; and then, sad-hearted and discouraged, I said, "Perhaps after all I am not to write."

Greatly to my discomfort, it seemed brought before me, that I must have a personal interview with the stranger. This was the only hard part of my service; but the Lord gave me sweet assurance of his presence being with me, and a few hours afterward I found myself face to face with the subject of my seven weeks' prayers.

The purpose of my visit was soon satisfactorily arranged, and my heart was refreshed

by the interview; but on taking leave of him, I told him, that having no service here, I had longed for something I could do, and from my seeing him pass on certain days with his Bible, the Lord had given me to pray for him. The expression of his face told me that my service was no delusion.

"Tell me how long you have prayed," he inquired eagerly. "When was it that you first began?"

"Seven weeks ago," I answered; "on the fourteenth of the month."

There was silence that I could not break. I felt his Master and my Master was praised and glorified in it. At last he said, "For seven weeks I have been helped and upheld beyond all I can tell you."

He then detailed to me the circumstances in which he had been placed, and whither he was bound the first day I had seen him pass me with his Bible.

Deep was the joy of that hour: sweet was the lesson to my heart. My heavenly Master had appointed the service, and he would have

me reap the fruit even here. Not man's judgment of what the Lord requires from his weak ones, but God's own requirement, constitutes our true service.

It was from this simple incident that I first learned to look up to him for direction in other equally trying positions. God is faithful, and will let none of his words fall to the ground. Gracious Lord! Thou hast said it, "Walk before me."

If the Lord sends trial to his children, he goes with it; and if he gives faith, he tests it. While we strive to be rid of the cross it will bruise us; but if we take it up and bear it, looking unto Jesus, it will become a fruit-bearing tree. Mere emotional feeling, in which the old nature bears part oftener than we are conscious of, is not always joy in the Lord, but joy in some of his gifts; and therefore is it that trial and tribulation have many lasting benefits that outwardly prosperous days fail in securing.

In fair weather as his vessel glides over the water, the traveler gazes upon the coasts, bright

in the sunshine, spread on either side of him. Occasionally, perhaps, he admires the wisdom of the pilot. But when mists hide all the beauty from view, and storms beat upon the vessel, the voyage is not so pleasant. It calls for fuller faith in Him who guides. There is the same unerring wisdom: but before the tempest the traveler enjoyed the way and forgot the Guide, and now, with his eyes bent only on the Pilot, he forgets the way.

Early in the spring of the year I came to England for some affairs that required my presence. I went to London, intending to remain a fortnight, which would complete the matter for which I had been summoned, and then to proceed into the country.

A few days after my arrival, however, I was seized with severe illness. The spring passed, and the summer came, and I still lay incapable of moving, longing to quit the close air, but unable to obtain any change whatever; for the providence of God had so hedged up my path that I could in no wise pass over it.

On the last day of August the heat was

greater than had been known for years. The walls of the opposite houses and the white pavement reflected the rays of the sun, and the glare added to the discomfort produced by the sultry atmosphere. My couch was in a small apartment on the ground floor, looking on the street, and the peculiar stillness which reigned was vocal to me of what was not, save in memory.

Long days and nights of suffering left me incapable of occupation, and the leaden pressure of the heated air weighed down every thought which strove to rise above the body's ills. A longing for that which was denied me came to disturb yet more that time of inaction. I craved for the fresh pure air of the country. There was nothing sinful in desiring the fresh air, you will say. There *is* sin in a rebellious desire for what is denied, (Prov. xxiv. 9,) a lack of subjection, a lack of love. The cross was galling, and I wanted it changed before it had borne fruit.

I closed my eyes: visions of green woodlands and mountain paths rose before me, and last

of all the childish memory of a river, with every bend of which I was familiar. Its banks were fringed with flowery sedges, and on its bosom blossomed the white water-lilies; the very ripple of the water for a moment seemed conjured back by my fevered imagination.

O gracious loving God! Thou didst not leave me there, dwelling on things of time and sense. Neither didst thou visit my foolishness by giving me the desire of my discontented heart, by permitting me to choose my own path, by granting me fields and summer flowers, and sending leanness into my soul.

A brother or sister might upbraid me; but let me fall into the hands of the Lord, for he is pitiful and of tender mercy, — he remembered I was dust. My brain throbbed; I tried vainly to rest my longing vision elsewhere, and turned heavily on my pillow. Through the open window, round the corner of the street came distinctly to my ear a low monotonous cry. It was from an old man who sold wreaths of *immortelles*, some stained and painted to imitate other flowers, some in their own natural

beauty of white or gold color: clusters for ornamenting the houses of the living, and chaplets for adorning the low chambers of the dead. Clearly his voice rang through the still street, "Everlasting flowers! Ever——lasting flowers!"

I raised my head and listened, for to my sad heart the words sounded as though from heaven, reminding me that this was not my rest. There was no mistake. The words came again, distinct and clear, "Ever——lasting flowers! Everlasting flowers!" and then the voice ceased, and I heard it no more.

The man had unconsciously delivered his heavenly message. The fountain of my tears was unsealed; the scales fell from my mental vision: like the blind men by the wayside, I received sight. "Jesus had compassion on them, and touched their eyes; and immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed Him." Matthew xx. 34. I recognized in this long-protracted suffering, this strange captivity, this city dwelling, this sultry, silent, oppressive hour, my Father's will, my Father's

love. I bowed my neck again to his gentle yoke, and never since that day has the snare of green woodlands, and rivers, and summer flowers, held dominion over me. For I know that Jehovah-Jesus has something better for his loved ones. It is the new man in Christ Jesus that shall inhabit the glorious land; he has no part or portion in the earth which was cursed for man's sake, although it may be fair to the senses. I looked for a city whose builder and maker is God; I longed for fadeless joys, for ever——lasting flowers.

I was content to see the summer fade into autumn, and autumn giving place to winter, and I said, He leadeth me in paths that I have not known; but he can open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys. It is the same Lord who called me out of Egypt, and he will not forsake. I shall some day see why it is thus with me. Let the Lord do that which is good in his sight.

Soon after this, an aged relative of the mistress of the house returned from the country. When I saw her, she asked my prayers in be-

half of a motherless girl in whom she had been much interested: first, for her soul's salvation; secondly, that she might be brought to the house in the capacity of servant. I declined using my influence to induce this; but I did join her in prayer, that if the Lord saw good he would bring it about in his own way. Perhaps I had less interest in the second part of the request, as I daily looked forward to the possibility of removal.

The Lord saw fit to keep me still a prisoner; but the loving bonds no longer galled the flesh. I was seeking him in it all. The hand pierced for me had closed the door and barred the gate; and I felt sure that when the time was accomplished, light would shine into my prison, and I should go forth understanding what the will of the Lord was.

Time rolled on, and many a song of praise arose from the rough waters on which it was the will of my Lord that I should be borne. The young servant was engaged. I was not interested in her in any other way than by natural love and pity for the orphan, a plea which few can resist.

December came — the last week, and the close of the year found me where I was in its first quarter. The busy Christmas time was nigh, when the world, who celebrate the Lord's coming *in* the flesh as *of* the flesh, are occupied in planning enjoyment of the things of this world's good, in which the Lord Jesus could bear no part.

One day our little servant arrived from the country. She was obedient and trustworthy in her service; yet it was but fruit of the old nature; the love of Jesus, as the spring of life, was not there: so I yearned for her salvation.

As I sat alone in the wintry twilight, I looked back by the way my Lord had led me, when, bound in the sins and follies of the world, I looked forward to the joy of giving and receiving new-year's gifts, which had no aim but self-gratification; the anticipated delight in the receiver, and the preparation making up part of the satisfaction; and I said, "Lord, give *me* a new-year's gift. Give *thou!*" My thoughts ran over the spiritual gifts I

needed, but did not pause there. "Give me a soul, Lord; give me Harriet's *soul* for my new-year's gift." I craved for everlasting flowers for my Saviour's crown.

I have said, that in this labor of love the preparation of such a gift is foretasted joy, and the preparation of the heart is from the Lord My preparation consisted in increased suffering, which confined me to my chamber, and left me more powerless than before for thought or action.

To the soul resting on Jesus there is always peace in believing; but those who have to learn the fellowship of suffering, understand something more of conformity to his death. The fruit of the Spirit is brought forth according to its season; and if the call is for meekness, patience, and long-suffering, it may be borne with love, from which parent root it springs: but he has not asked for joy; grieve not that you cannot give it. Suffer his will; in this there is rich compensation; for those that wait on him shall not be ashamed. Rev. ii. 3; Matt. xii. 50.

I say this, because I would not have it supposed that it was a joyous season with me: far from it. I went forth weeping, bearing the precious seed. Weeping did not hinder the harvest! It was not in my feeble hand bearing it; it was in the power of the Holy Ghost in the seed of life cast forth.

Days passed. At last only two remained of this year of peculiar exercise and trial. Only two! and my prayer was still unanswered.

Satan came in like a flood, and never did a more wily assault of the Evil One seek to turn me from the desire of my heart. I had prayed, I had spoken cursorily on the great salvation, but I met with no response; and I saw less of our little maiden, so that my opportunities were now fewer even than before.

Satan would fain have persuaded me that, as I had been unable to foresee this sickness, therefore prayer was void. Again — that I erred in having fixed a *time* for my prayer to be answered.

Still I had asked, and I knew it depended on him in whom all power dwelleth. It was

as easy to grant my petition now as later; and I thought — I have asked for this soul to be brought into light, and yet not one step in faith have I taken to secure it. I rose, and rang the bell. I feebly lifted up my heart to Him who knew the utterly broken reed that he had taken up, and yet I almost trembled when the slow and rather heavy footsteps of Harriet replied to my summons.

Oh, before that day I think I never knew that any of those who had been saved from destruction could find a difficulty in speaking of their own beloved Lord, or in telling another that he who had saved them was waiting and willing to save all who go to him.

But I did speak for him in broken words; and weak, and almost weeping, I told her of the love of Jesus to poor lost guilty man.

The stolid expression of cool indifference that sat upon the countenance of my listener was more painful than a contradiction of the truth which I brought forward, for I could have met that with "It is written."

But I went on. I told her what he had

done for *me*, and that warmed my own heart; and I read such portions of His Word as show our need of a free and full salvation, not requiring of us to do anything more than believe, in order to be saved; that Christ's work was a finished work; that we must have everlasting life before we could walk or serve. "He that believeth hath everlasting life."

The same gloomy face, the same hopeless silence. My heart, that in the fervor of dwelling on the loveliness of Jesus had been sanguine, now fell again.

I prayed briefly with Harriet, or rather for her; and then she rose, replaced the chair, carefully adjusted the carpet, which had been slightly disarranged, and, without the least trace of emotion on her countenance, left the room.

I sank back, almost relieved that she was gone, and that I was not called to speak another word. I rejected the idea that I had asked that which the Lord was not ready to give me. It was for his glory; and my only pleas were his love, his power, and his promise.

Matt. xxviii. 18; John xv. 7. There were yet twenty-four hours more. What could he not do in twenty-four seconds, if it pleased him? O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?

Another day — the last; and again I felt led to ring for Harriet. She came, bowed down, as she told me, in the misery of unpardoned sin. I pleaded with her to go to Jesus, just as she was, *now*.

The temporizing flesh suggested, perhaps some circumstances in the future, some other person might be more blessed to her; in time this soul may live, and still it would be given to my prayers, and I must wait.

Nay. I had prayed, "Lord, give me Harriet's soul for my new-year's gift." That comprehended my instrumentality within a certain definite period, and in reliance that God had heard me, I had taken one step in action, and this was in testimony that I relied on his power; for my own utter emptiness left nothing for me to rest on.

Then I cried in my heart; such a cry as

Elisha gave over the dead body of the child of the Shunammite. It was in vain to seek for another argument, to urge her not to delay an hour in seeking him who was waiting to receive her. All seemed blank. Memory failed me; my strength was ebbing fast. Inward silent prayer was all of which I was capable, and my cry, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," waited only on him. "Show me the word in thine own written promise that shall give life to the dead."

I felt like one gone to the rescue of a drowning man, myself battling with the billows, blinded by the brine, so that I could no longer point out the harbor of refuge to the shipwrecked stranger. But my feeble cry, which owned Jesus as my hope, and Jesus only, was answered speedily. I opened my Bible. Like an illuminated text, so bright and powerful stood out this blessed message of my covenant-keeping God: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them

that ask him!" Luke xi. 13. It was the voice of my Beloved. "Behold, he cometh!" "Behold, now is the day of salvation." I read the verse aloud very slowly, and paused. "I have it!" I cried. "Kneel, and ask for the Holy Spirit to be given you now, Harriet. He will hear and answer you." Jesus was indeed passing by! Oh, so near, so near! We held him, and would not let him go.

We prayed; for there was no doubt now that the bended head and clasped hands near me were the expression of prayer such as is heard in heaven; and then there was a smothered sob, a groan — the dead was alive!

"My sins are gone, all gone!" exclaimed Harriet, as she sprang to her feet, and burst forth into praise; no longer the cool, indifferent being who had first knelt down with me, but with a face that told the joy of sin forever washed away in the blood of the Lamb. Blessed Jesus! He is faithful!

Through the glad tears there met me such a glance of grateful love that I shall never,

never forget. That morning of joy was well worth a night of weeping.

I said, "Dear Harriet, I asked the Lord to give me your soul for a new-year's gift."

"And he has done it!" said Harriet. "My sins are gone! My heart is as light as a feather!"

I sang with Hannah in the temple of God: "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him: therefore also I have lent her to the Lord; as long as she liveth she shall be lent to the Lord. And they worshipped the Lord there." 1 Sam. i. 27, 28.

To all appearance my words had fallen on deaf ears, but it was not really so. I learned afterwards the exercise of that soul so soon to be reconciled to God, and brought into the goodly heritage of peace and joy in believing; and it strengthened my hand.

I was allowed to see the change clear in its evidence, and also the growth in grace, which I have now watched with tender interest for ten years. When later I was laid still more

helpless on my sick bed, Harriet arose daily before her usual time to seek in the Scriptures for some crumb of bread wherewith to sustain the life given, and committing a portion to memory, softly repeated each morning at my bedside the portion she had learned. Nor was this confined to a verse or two, but extended often to the greater part of a chapter. The comfort I found from this it is difficult to express; for the peculiar light and blessing which always followed these portions of Scripture marked the certain guidance of the Holy Ghost, and the prayerful search that my little maiden gave to the task.

This it taught me, that the Lord setteth the bounds of our habitation. There is no situation in which we are placed, but there is in it a blessing for all who wait on Him: they shall not be ashamed! The soul that looks beyond life's unsatisfactory joys, and will trust Him unto whom all power is given both in heaven and on earth, shall find the Lord of life in desert places, ready to open the blind eyes, and bring out the prisoner from the prison,

and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house. Then shall the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert, and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

"The soul of the wounded crieth out, yet God layeth not folly to them."

Job xxiv. 12.

It was the hour of battle,
No human eye looked on;
Angels and devils marvel!
A victory is won!

There is a moan of anguish,
A warrior lies low—
A poisoned shaft is proving
The malice of the foe.

In the still midnight hour
No other sound is heard,
The weary hands fall helpless
That wielded well the sword.

There is no song of triumph,
And none the chaplet twine,
O weak and wounded soldier,
For that pale brow of thine.

Hath earth no balm to bring him?
Hath love no word to speak,
As in the dust he lieth
With heart so nigh to break?

For fierce the foe that found him,
And who his power can scan?
Oh, is there none to succor
That sad and lonely man?

Earth's sweetest love, nor angel,
Could solace now impart;
No song, though heard from heaven
Uphold that sinking heart.

But see! the Man of Sorrows
Comes where his soldier lies;
He marks the lip that quivers
In untold agonies.

Say, doth he bring him fetters,
Or comes he to upbraid?
Nay! to his loving bosom
He draws the drooping head.

And in that deep, deep silence,
The gaping wounds are bound,
With touch so soft and gentle;
Hush! it is holy ground.

O Christ! thy tender pity
For every pang I see;
Each sob of pain is numbered,
And counted as for thee.

Yea closer, and yet closer,
Thy wounded one is pressed;
And human woes are whispered
Upon a human breast.

Then in the solemn silence
I hear the whisper sweet—
"Fear not, my wounded soldier;
Behold my hands and feet."

The fever's dream is over;
The tearless eyes can weep;
And he, whose arms enfold him,
Gives his beloved sleep.

Rest, rest, O wounded soldier;
Distrust thy Lord no more;
And think not strange the battle
Thy Captain fought before.

He knows thy fierce accuser;
Thou shalt not fall nor yield;
Hold fast thy blood-red banner,
Thy bright sword, and thy shield.

Behold thy strength in Jesus;
Believe thy BROTHER nigh,
Whose heart in love o'erfloweth
With tenderest sympathy.

Thou hast no pain he feels not,
No pang he doth not share;
And when the fight was hottest,
Deliverance was there.

He kept thee in the conflict,
His shield was o'er thee thrown;
A Conqueror ne'er defeated,
Thy battle was his own.

Rest in his love, and fear not;
The victory is won.
O weak and wounded soldier,
Thy Lord hath said, "Well done."

CHAPTER VII.

THE WAY OF THE LORD.

And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. 2 COR. vi. 16.

CAN you have communion with God, and yet walk with the world? We marvel how any soul that has caught one transient gleam of the presence of the King of kings should need the question to be answered. "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world *is* the enemy of God."

How can you clasp the hand of the world that hates your Lord — that hates *you*, if you in any way resemble him? You urge that you frequent the society of worldlings as Jesus did, and that he sat at the board of publicans and sinners. Are you among them for the same purpose? — to rebuke the hypocrite and Pharisee, and to succor the sin-stricken? If

your position and your powerless testimony forbid this, look well to it that you *have* the Master you profess to follow as your example, and use not an excuse for your own self-indulgence which even the worldings about you justly deride. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

I have heard a Christian man argue with an ardor worthy of a better cause in defense of entering the rifle corps. Have heavenly citizens their portion in this life? Has the Prince of peace commanded his followers to cultivate earthly warfare? Has he not said, "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight"?

Let those declare, who have once sought a heavenly city, and now have joined the ranks of the world's warfare, how much more they now know of him who has called them to follow him — how much deeper knowledge have they gained of him — how much sweeter has been their communion — how much are they weaned from the world's snares and the

power of sin — since they *voluntarily* sought the parade and false glory that the worldling delights in?

"Let the dead bury their dead."

Another believing brother pleaded the *necessity* of retaining "manly sports," as he termed cricket, for needful recreation.

"Certainly," replied the Christian addressed, "if to serve the Lord Jesus is irksome to you, and you require relaxation with the world, the flesh, and the devil, and you find cricket assist you in your heavenward course, continue it, pray."

The cricket-ground has lost the Christian brother, and his vacant place is a testimony for the Lord beyond what my word which his position contradicted could have been. You may offer your hands, and your feet, and your head, and your voice to the Lord, but without your heart, it is a vain oblation.

Abraham was called "the friend of God;" but we find no such expression of endeared familiarity bestowed on righteous Lot, though he was "vexed with the filthy conversation of

the wicked." We do not hear of him praying to be delivered from the evil men with whom it was his choice to dwell, and from whom he received the honor that cometh from men. We find that he accepted a post of dignity from them, and sat in the gate. If he lived among them for testimony, that testimony was valueless; for when he would have saved his relatives from the impending ruin, they heeded not his words: he was to them "as one who mocked." It is true that he was saved from destruction; but it was almost by compulsion. The Lord being merciful to him, he was preserved.

If you are content with the world's honors and favors, then you know nothing yet of communion with a living God. If the only desire of your heart is the ill-defined hope of salvation from eternal death, and not of salvation from sin; if you live without fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ, and persuade yourself that some natural attainment or peculiar position is needful to maintain it, and that *you*, a saved soul, may safely walk with the

world, your loss here and hereafter is great indeed.

Can you picture the day which followed that solemn night wherein the destroying angel passed over the blood-sprinkled lintels of the Israelites' dwelling? Can you imagine *them* hastening to join with the Egyptians in their pastimes, forgetting so soon their deliverance — forsaking their own mercies?

I remember, as I was entering into the assurance of eternal life by Christ, the testimony of a child who had paid a visit to a worldly family of my acquaintance. On being invited to join in some idle game, she steadily declined, and sat apart while others were engaged in it. Vainly was she urged to make one of the party. On being pressed to give her reasons, she replied with unflinching courage:

"I do not think it would please Jesus if I joined in such foolish games."

The following Sunday afternoon the little witness was sought for in vain. When questioned, she confessed that she had taken her Bible to the kitchen, to read to the "dear

servants;" adding, "they seemed very much surprised." Nevertheless, they accepted the ministry of the child; and the simple prayer that followed her Bible-reading must be still remembered. "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Communion with God is not sanctification; it is the fruit of sanctification. It is only known by the heart purged from dead works, and become a temple of the living God, — not a hall of controversy on theology, nor an arena for occasional worldly enjoyment. The lack of the church to-day is a lack of individual holiness, and therefore of individual testimony. The natural heart would substitute forms and ceremonies, and mis-called "good works," for life in Christ; but "their webs shall not become garments, neither shall they cover themselves with their works." It is easier to decorate the walls of edifices, than to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour; and to delight in wax candles on the altar, than in "the Light of the world."

The Lord is nigh unto them that fear him. "He speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not." He delights to walk with the soul whom he has called out of darkness, but the heart is often so immersed in the things of time, that, as at the inn at Bethlehem, there is no room for the Holy Child Jesus.

"I see there is no way to keep in communion with God," writes one who walked with him, "but by strictly adhering to the words of the apostle: 'I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.' There must be a shutting-to of the door of the soul against any thing else; not only against sin, but also against any undue care of or meddling with that to which we are *not called* to attend."

To be blind and deaf to the evil around us, we need the continual help of the Holy Spirit. None but the Holy One can touch the leper and be undefiled. Who cannot remember the wandering glance; the thoughtless perusal of the newspaper paragraph that fascinated the careless mind off the watch; the book whose

errors we intended to refute, and which took us captive; or the idle curiosity that led us to look and linger; following after, rather than flying from, the fowler's snare?

These are sinful failures that hinder us in our communion, and leave us halting; and the accuser will again raise them before us. We can only escape them by fleeing anew to the blood of Jesus, the High Priest of the heavenly sanctuary, who, being perfect man and perfect God, can alone cleanse and heal.

Must you then leave the city and go into retirement, to walk with God? Nay! where would you go where sin and the world are not? Has not Jesus said, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil. They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." If walls of brick and stone could protect the soul against the sin which they inclose, and if ceremonial service and priestcraft had power to remit sin, then the withdrawal from a life of testimony, before and against an ungodly world, would be ac-

ceptable to God, — then Christians would be safer in monasteries, or in any place of ascetic seclusion. Such places have been most numerous in the darkest periods. We are too prone to reckon "the world" as comprehending the idle amusements and enjoyments of the worldling, forgetting that "the world" is adapted to each peculiar soul, and that it consists to each in whatsoever he delights in out of God.

Be not tempted to believe that fellowship with God is confined to a few who possess some special gift, or who, in forced seclusion, have an imaginary enjoyment of spiritual life. Although those who are contented with a very little of Christ's company are of the exceeding number, yet his followers are far removed from idle dreamers. Things of eternity are things of reality. Communion is compatible with health and vigor, with household care, and faithful attendance on life's daily calling. The trials that meet us here are but as the goads and nails of true crucifixion; they drive us nearer to Jesus, to bring about his own

counsels for our advancement, to hedge us up into a closer fellowship with himself than we could otherwise attain. Martyrdom is but the outward fulfillment of inward crucifixion. It is the crucified man who walks in resurrection life and power. "Deny thyself, take up thy cross, and follow me." This is war, not peace. It is battle declared against the world, the flesh, and the devil. "In me," said Christ, "ye have peace,"—not in the world, there is no promise of it there. The followers of the Master must expect tribulation and hatred and scorn. Life is everywhere set forth as a conflict. By his halting Jacob proved that he had wrestled; but Israel, prince as he was, had still to serve and suffer.

Marvel not that you have but faint desires after communion, or that you never realize its joy, if your thoughts are engrossed by the news of the world, your time wasted in the ceremonious visit, the aimless letter, or the current literature of the day — things on which you ask no blessing, and expect none; then it is not strange that communion with the Father

and the Son is as an unexplored land to you. I inquired of one dear to me, to whom the Lord has said, "Come up hither," why she did not visit the International Exhibition. She replied, "I am longing after closer communion with Jesus. I do not expect to find it at the Exhibition, and therefore I do not go there."

If the spirits of the blessed could regret, would she be regretting now that she turned from the things of time, which her natural heart would have enjoyed, lest partaking of them should hinder her realizing her union with Christ.

You may plead that you are not in a position favorable to the development of the divine life. Then you charge the Divine Giver of that life with injustice. To you he is the hard master, the "austere man," gathering where he has not strown.

It is true there are seasons when the Lord himself may lead you into Egypt; but beware now you seek such a place for *yourself*, listening to Satan's deceitful suggestion, "Perhaps

you may do good." Such places of testimony, if accepted from the Lord in prayer and watchfulness, bring forth blessing; but only so: for it is written, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." With your eye on Jesus, you may pass through the enemy's land as safely as the young Israelites walked through the fiery furnace before the multitude; as securely as the man greatly beloved spent the night in the den of lions. The God whom Daniel served in the court of kings delivered him; He is able to deliver you.

The soul must go on from strength to strength. The Holy Child Jesus was brought forth amid the herd at the wayside inn, but he did not live there. He grew in wisdom and stature, in meek obedience to his earthly parents; and when the set time was fully come he went up to Jerusalem. He must be about his Father's business.

The soul born of God is not bidden to forsake the duties clearly marked out for him. Some think that they can only preach Christ

by forsaking their daily calling, and that there is no way of recommending the gospel but by proclaiming it to a crowd. Doubtless many are called to do so; but many more, as they go, preach, even while they think they have no service for the Lord they love. They take up the cross, and bear it before their worldly family, or beneath the sneers of a godless neighborhood; they are most effectually preaching by *living* the truth, oftentimes too lightly spoken and too faintly realized. There is a power in reality that even the scoffer does not gainsay in his heart. That power flows from fellowship with God alone — it is the Spirit's witness. Song of Solomon, i. 12.

Is any longing to be able to say, "This is my Beloved, this is my Friend?" Is the desolate heart crying, "Where dwellest thou?" Hark! His reply is, "Come and see."

You may be desiring fellowship with Jesus, and yet be seeking by sense what is only given to faith. You may look for it in some great enterprise, and miss it in the every-day walk of life. You may deny that you are hindered

through unbelief, and yet it is a virtual denial of Christ to make to ourselves another Christ than the one revealed to us. "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." To believe on him is to live with him — to glorify him. It is not enough to know that there are treasures for us: if we would really possess them, we must stretch forth our hands for them, receive them, and hold fast our confidence to the end. If you are indeed longing after this good land, then acquaint yourself with him, and be at peace. For this you need not wait till you have climbed some difficult point of experience. No intellectual study will give it to you. "Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?" Job xxviii. 20. The secret is simple faith in Christ Jesus, the wisdom of God, and the power of God. This is received hour by hour, throwing a light and interest over the commonest affairs of every-day life.

The service of the sanctuary is not always carried on in the sight of the multitude, nor in

the presence of our brethren. There are those who stand by night in the temple of the Lord. The service consists in the acceptance and faithful performance of the allotted work. The post of each servant is alike honorable and of equal responsibility: "for unto whosoever much is given, of him shall be much required; and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more." Luke xii. 48.

Baal-hanan the Gederite, the overseer of the olive trees and sycamore trees in the low plains, (1 Chron. xxvii. 28,) had his work without the house. But the oil from the crushed berry called for the service of Joash: he was appointed guardian over the cellars of oil. Both were needed; each must faithfully fulfill his office.

So now, we have our Gederites in the olive groves in the sight of men, who know nothing of the hidden treasures over which some chosen Joash keeps his vigilant watch. None are exempt from the life of faith; for "without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that

cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Heb. xi. 6. "The knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding" is the spring of service — "that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work." Col. 1, 10.

If we will be children, led by the Spirit, renouncing our own wisdom, and willing to be nothing, I believe we shall see and hear him who came to do the will of his Father.

All service ought surely to flow from communion with the Father and the guidance of the Holy Spirit; and the outward act should be an act of faith, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin. In this way tract distribution, the Sunday-school class, and every other kind of Christian work, would be as great a blessing to the giver as to the receiver. There might be less actually done; there would be less to be burned up. My own service and testimony are for the most part within a narrow limit; but, nevertheless, it is possible that the same

experience would hold good in a far wider sphere. I have found that the "word spoken in season" must come from God, if it is to reach the heart, and the seed must be committed to him, if we expect to gather the grain.

I remember, in a time of affliction, when I had been long a prisoner to the house through sickness, I desired to be used, feeble instrument as I am, by my gracious Lord, who had laden me with benefits. It was a bright afternoon, and the necessity of air to assist my recovery, after many months of illness, led me to seek the will of the Lord in what manner I could at the same time serve him. The case of a sick person whom I could perhaps help was brought under my notice. I was unable to walk, and had it been otherwise, the distance was beyond my strength. I therefore proposed taking a cab. Desiring that the Lord should guide each step, I walked softly, that I might not miss any token of his guiding hand. Several cabs passed me as I waited, but I did not feel free to use any of them. I was weary.

and I sought the Lord's guidance before returning to the house, which was within a few yards of the place where I stood. The object of my journey I had seen plainly enough placed before me; the way of its accomplishment was yet to be made known.

I reasoned in vain, and returned to the simplicity of the babe, and prayed that my tender Father would show me in what conveyance he would have me go. My eye was led to an omnibus that was waiting for a change of horses. This gave me time to reach it, and on finding that it went to the end of the square I desired to visit I entered it. When I say I felt God with me, those who know his presence as their joy and strength will understand the feeling with which I took my seat in the omnibus. A coarse-looking grazier from the cattle-market was the only occupant. He was making up his accounts, and counting his money. I would not interrupt him. I sat still and prayed. But when his accounts were finished, I offered him a tract. His first impulse was to thrust it back; his second to keep it. He looked at

my mourning dress, and then in my face. God moved him to relent, and he held the tract still in his hand. I spoke a few words, to which he gave a gruff but not insolent answer. The omnibus door opened, and a gentleman and lady entered, the latter careless-looking and fashionably dressed.

The grazier's eyes said, as plainly as eyes could say, "Ah, you gave a tract to *me*; you'll give none to those fine folk."

Again I laid my feeble heart before the Rock of my strength, and prayed him to brace it for the next struggle; for I confess I *had* found it easier to give the tract to the rough grazier than to the fine gentleman.

Did you ever trust in God and were confounded?

No! My fingers moved amongst the messengers of mercy, believing God was with me. I am no heroine; my heart beat very fast, and my hand trembled, but I offered our smart companion a tract, and the lady also, and they received them. The grazier's eyes were on me, and he smiled such entire approbation that

I felt cheered. Now he looked at the tract I had given him, and then read it; and with his horny fingers, he smoothed it carefully in folds, and, opening his pocket-book, laid it amongst his paper money, and placed it in his breast.

My weak hand was strong that day, for I knew *who* had done it all.

A poor forlorn woman joined us; she sat near me, and read a little book that I had given her, and I saw tears in her eyes. As each person came in I sought a fresh anointing; and, I can truly say it, the Lord was there. When we reached my destination, I had one messenger left, which I gave to the conductor, who touched his hat and put the tract in his pocket.

The exercise of faith, and hope, and prayer, to which the little journey gave rise, taught me a lesson which I have not forgotten. Surely the Lord will often teach us in the sunshine of his smile, if we will be but babes.

There was nothing actually done before my eyes to show that my tract distribution was successful. Granted. I had asked the Lord

to let me serve him — I, who am the least in my Father's house. He knew what he wanted done. I did not ask for results, I only asked to do his will; and he gave me the blessed consciousness that I had done it, and that he had smiled on me in the doing.

Martha is often left to "serve *alone;*" she loves serving. Mary is not alone; the object of her desire is before her. Yet she is serving him by sitting silently listening to the voice of the Beloved. Oh to be found oftener there!

Out of living communion with a living God should flow life and service. And there may be as much obedience in walking silently, or in traveling silently, as in giving tracts and books. Prayer is always ministration, and the way is opened for the word by a mighty hand, if our eyes are up unto Him who maketh a way in the darkest wilderness.

I know that many are troubled in regard to tract distribution, and also as to speaking to their fellow-travelers on railway and other journeys. This ought not to be. Waiting on the Lord will make all plain; watching him

will prevent many a fiery dart of the Wicked One from reaching the willing workers; and the heart bent on doing his will, and the eye on him, *is* service, though none else behold it.

The fact of your having a tract in your pocket, is not the reason why you should give it, without asking counsel of the Lord. You see a wearied man, with closed eyes, sitting in a corner of the carriage. You may know him by sight, as one of the earnest laborers in the vineyard. You judge him — why does he not give away tracts, or speak to these people who are talking recklessly and lightly around? Let him alone. He is resting his weary head upon a Saviour's loving bosom; he is holding communion with him who has upheld him through the labors, and trials, and temptations of the day. And oh that we had more communion, in these days of restless activity! Neither expect him to give a tract, nor break that moment's peace by offering him one.

To walk with God is the secret of blessing· less may be visibly done, but that little will have glorified the Lord in the soul so exer-

cised, and bear on it the impress of God's work, not man's.

This journey in the omnibus had a special preparation for me. It led me to accept the least service, if called on to follow the Lord; and there is great need of watchfulness to be kept from *all* delusions of Satan, in waiting as well as working. The witness of the Spirit is never denied to the seeking soul, that desires to be conformed to him who came to do the will of his Father and our Father.

I had some business to be transacted in a distant part of the country, for which it appeared needful to employ a solicitor. He gave me some idea of the probable expense, which far exceeded what I expected. While pondering what the Lord's will was in the case, it came to my mind that by his help I could go myself and that he would direct my path, and give me understanding of the matter in hand. I was not hasty in deciding; but this was from natural reasons. I hoped that some other way might yet be opened whereby I could escape the cross, for cross it was.

After a few days an envelope reached me, containing the sum which would have paid the expenses of the solicitor, had he undertaken the journey as he proposed. As far as outward circumstances could be taken for guide, without the witness of the Spirit, I should have felt justified in employing him, and avoiding the journey. I believe this was a test whether I would serve the Lord or not. I truly sought to be guided, and the more I watched and prayed, the fuller was the confirmation that the Lord had chosen me to go.

I had been confined to my sick-room in my little lodgings for the winter and spring. The prostration consequent on over-exertion told, as it ever will, upon shattered nerves and an over-wrought frame. I could not realize anything but pain, and the troubles and temptations of the way. All happy communion seemed shut out by clouds and shadows. I was leaving friends, with whom I had happy fellowship, to go among those who neither loved my Lord, nor believed the full blessed truth of revelation. It was indeed going down into Egypt.

The day previous to my departure my cup was quite full. I was tempted to think that I was acting out a delusion; and that because nature shrank from the journey I called it a cross, and wanted to bear it in spiritual pride. Satan came in like a flood; faith failed!

I sat upon the floor, my portmanteau was half packed, and leaning my aching head upon it, in very weariness I wept bitterly. My precious Lord who wept on earth was watching the weeper, and waiting to heal and comfort. Among the litter scattered around lay fragments of packing-paper, in which some articles from a warehouse had been folded. Mechanically I rolled a slip on my fingers; as I did so the words "the Lord Almighty" caught my eye. Instantly I smoothed the torn and crumpled leaf, and read, "*I, who commanded thee to take this journey, am the Lord Almighty. I will be with thee to bless thee.*"

Never will that moment be obliterated from my heart, for still in the eternal kindom I shall tell the wondrous tale of eternal love to the worst of sinners. Had Gabriel suddenly

appeared to me as before Zacharias, and declared the message of the Lord of Hosts, these glad tidings could not have shaken my soul with more astounding power. It was as if God were speaking face to face with me, as with His servants of old. I believed the message was for *me*. My countenance was no more sad. I finished my labors with a light heart. Without a pang I left behind me all I loved; for had not my Lord said, "I will be with thee to bless thee"?*

I accomplished my long journey, but with more obstacles than had hitherto met me on my travels. We say, "It is the Lord!" when all earthly good prospers according to our natural desires. We inclose a great multitude of fishes, and we believe God is with us. But when he leads beneath stormy skies, we do not recognize the loving Lord who walks upon

* A few words on the message so blessedly used to my solace and deliverance. Not another sentence was legible, but a line at the edge of a corresponding leaf opened to me another anthem of praise. It was a fragment of "The Penny Pulpit," and I had prayed many times for the preacher who had delivered the sermon; why or wherefore I could not tell, as I had no personal knowledge of him beyond the simple fact of seeing his name in print, and my mind being attracted to him.

the rough waters where our bark is tempest-tossed; yet the trial of faith and love thus being proved in these lonely hours with Jesus only, is as mighty a display of grace, and as precious in his sight, as when "the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name." Luke x. 17.

Previous to my leaving London, the editor of "The Life of Richard Weaver" had called on me, and brought me the only copy of the book ready from the press. We prayed together for the work in general, and for this copy in particular, trusting it would have some mission in the worldly family where for a brief season I must sojourn.

I arrived at the house where I was to remain, until the business which had taken me into the country was arranged. In spite of the sweet love-message which I still cherished, I was often heart-sick and sad at all that surrounded me, so utterly was my beloved Master despised. But the Lord was using his enemies for my enlargement.

The Lord had given me much favor in the eyes of the housekeeper, a faithful, conscientious person, but without any knowledge of her own state as a lost sinner, and consequently without any desire after him who is the Saviour. I strove to lead her to hear what God had said of our own righteousness, but without any visible result. One afternoon she told me that a young girl, who had been a servant in the family, lay sick at home. Her mother's cottage was within a drive. She offered to put a basket of provisions in the carriage, suitable for the sick girl, if I would go to the next village and see her. She was very anxious that I should not forget some tracts: "And be sure," she added, "take your Bible; for the poor sinners here have no one to teach them."

On this I said, "Are you a sinner?"

"No," she replied with an expression of entire self-satisfaction; "I never did any harm to any one in all my life; but these poor creatures are very ignorant."

The Holy Ghost can alone convince of sin.

She remained immovable; and I have since thought that she was glad to find me service outside the house, to prevent my troubling the peace within.

The carriage arrived at the door before I expected it, and hurriedly taking my bag from the drawing-room table, I was on my way to the cottage, accompanied by a pretty, careless girl, one of the family of my host.

The lanes we drove through were bright in the sunshine after a recent shower, and the air was perfumed by the tasseled larch, and the sweet scent of the meadows. Everything was fresh and lovely.

The sick-room in the cottage, and the suffering face of the poor invalid, were a contrast to the scene without. Her mother was a garrulous old woman, with a ready joke and laugh, and appeared quite regardless of her daughter's state, which was evidently very critical. To me she seemed fast sinking; but the girl herself spoke cheerfully of her recovery, and was sanguine of soon taking her place again in the household which she served.

With such companions, the task of visiting this poor girl with purposes of love was an almost hopeless matter, as far as the instrument was concerned. But my trust was not in an arm of flesh, but in the living God. I prayed, and waited. Soon I saw the Lord working for me. The old woman led my companion to the end of a long granary, where their voices were scarcely audible, and thence into the garden, and I was left alone with the sick girl. I at once spoke to her of the possible termination of her sickness by death, and asked her if she knew anything of Jesus as the good Shepherd and the great Physician. The face of the girl was turned to me in wonder. She listened as if it were a new song. She did not say she "hoped that her sins were pardoned," or she "trusted that God would be merciful." She only looked up into my face with eager and absorbed interest, leaning on her elbow towards me, as if she would not lose a word. But as I told her, if she saw herself a sinner, that Jesus stood there ready to receive her, the tears fell fast over her wan

face, while an expression of grateful love lighted up her countenance. I repeated a few texts to her, and, finding that we were still undisturbed, I opened my bag for my Bible. Great was my consternation; no Bible was there, nor even a tract, — only the "Life of Richard Weaver," which I had taken by mistake for my pocket Bible as it lay beside it. Disappointed and grieved, I replaced it in my bag. We were interrupted by my companion, who summoned me to the carriage. My time had expired. With a sense of utter helplessness, and in deep regret for my want of care, I lifted up my heart to the Lord who is mighty to save.

I felt strangely comforted. With my hand on the book, the whisper of that voice of love, which is heard when the earth keeps silence before it, came distinct and clear, "*Give it.*" Again I lifted up my heart, and again came the gentle suggestion "Give it." With a silent prayer for spiritual blessing, I gave the book, and told the poor girl it was hers if she desired it. She looked at the bright green

cover, and turning over a page or two, her eye lingered delightedly on a paragraph concerning the lost sheep. Her face beaming with joy, she eagerly thrust the volume in the bed, as her mother entered the room. I bade the poor girl farewell, promising soon to see her again, if the Lord permitted. The loving look of gratitude which followed me to the door soothed and cheered me. I felt that I had done nothing but lead her thoughts to the probable termination of her illness, and to the mighty love of the good Shepherd, who laid down his life for his sheep.

On my return, I told the housekeeper how ill I thought the servant; but she would not believe it, and insisted on keeping open her place in the household, confident that she would be able to resume her duties, as she had done before. I was suddenly called away, and was detained for a fortnight. My first question on entering the house again was, "How is Susan?"

"Dead!" was the startling reply that fell heavily on my ear.

"Dead!" I repeated.

"Yes, dead — died mad! And they say you made her so. And they are all ready to do anything to you, if you go there."

"Mad!" I said, greatly shocked. "What did she do?"

"Why she cried all night, and said she was going to hell, and called herself a lost sinner, poor young creature. She begged her mother to fetch the kind lady who had spoken to her, for she would help her."

"And did she come?" I inquired, trembling lest they had sought for me in vain.

"No!" replied the indignant housekeeper; "it was something in that book you gave her that did the mischief. She read it, and read it again, and cried and sobbed. At last they fetched the doctor. He ordered the book to be taken away, and said it had killed her, though he had not been to see her for weeks. But she wept and prayed to have her book again. So they sent for the parson. He said her mind was quite gone, and you and your book had done it.

"Two or three days after this she awoke her mother early in the morning. She was quite cheerful. She said, 'Mother, I am so happy; I am going to live with Jesus; I have seen it all in a dream. I shall walk with him in the green pastures I saw last night.'"

And with some few more words precious to my sorrowful heart, she died.

Lord God Almighty, thou art faithful! According to thy promise thou didst go with me on this journey, and thou didst bless me. Glory to thee alone!

The housekeeper, however much she was opposed to the doctrine of grace, prepared my way from time to time among "the poor sinners." Three of these were backsliders. One from marriage with an unbeliever; the others, like Lot, had chosen the fertile land, and disregarded the upper springs. Thus from lukewarmness they had fallen into careless walking and deadness of soul.

The housekeeper, notwithstanding her displeasure at the loss of her favorite servant, begged the book which, as she said, had been

the cause of her death, to keep in remembrance of her. My own path was full of trial; but abounding grace sustained, protected, and delivered me.

Dear reader, if you go into Egypt, be sure the God of Israel has commanded you; then "be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Joshua i. 9.

I do not ask it otherwise,
O spotless Son of God;
I do not ask to tread a path
That thou hast never trod.

Better to suffer—better far
To taste the cup of woe
Than miss thy smile of tenderness,
My light and joy below.

It is enough to know thy will,
And meekly follow thee;
Enough! Thou wilt not lead me, Lord,
Where thou canst never be.

Then shall I weigh the worldling's sneer,
Or dread the laugh of scorn;
Sharing with thy sweet fellowship,
The griefs that thou hast borne?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows. — MATT. x. 29–31.

THERE is nothing great or small to Him who rules the world. Page after page in God's blessed book reveals this. Those who delight to follow the unfolding of the Divine purpose, in the minute chain of circumstance developed there, will love to see God everywhere, and to find a speech and language in the daily events of life: the heart will be full of him who filleth all creation.

When the stripling shepherd took the parched corn and loaves to his brethren, it was his first step towards the throne. Ahasuerus's sleepless night led to Mordecai's promotion. When Ruth went forth to glean in the fields of Boaz, she knew not that her foot was on her own

fair inheritance. When the woman of Samaria carried her pitcher to the well, it was to meet one greater than her father Abraham, and one who gave unto her the living water.

The Lord, who would have his own to be all things to all men, will be all things to us according to our faith. To the soul that will only be satisfied with intimate and unbroken fellowship he manifests himself as the Friend who sticketh closer than a brother. Whatever thy need, the almighty Lord can meet it. Aforetime he condescended to encourage the timorous Gideon by a twofold sign, and strengthen him by the narration of a dream. He manifests himself to the doubting Thomas in the way best calculated to dispel his doubt and remove his unbelief.

He is still the same Jesus. He knows the hearts he has to deal with. He knew what we were when he called us to follow him. He forsaw that we should distrust him, deny him, forsake him. But he is the almighty God, and not man; he loves us with an everlasting love.

The Lord who said, "I will bring the blind by a way they know not," also promised, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."

You commit yourself to the guidance of even a stranger who knows the point you desire to reach; and when you hear his voice cheering you onward, you take courage, though the mountain path be steep, and the mists blind your eyes. Will you give less confiding trust to Him who saith, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth;" "Follow me"?

The minute thread of heavenly blessing running through the following incident, I always remember, as one of the teachers which the Lord has chosen I should behold for his praise and glory. Isa. xxx. 20.

One morning I found on my writing-table two numbers of *The Revival* which had been removed from a drawer, where the periodical usually remained until the end of the month, when I forwarded a package into the country.

I replaced them. The following day the servant had placed them again on my writing-table with some books. They were in my way; impatiently I put them aside. As I did so, I felt ashamed of my impetuosity, and sat down before the Lord grieved in spirit. I considered how often I was irritated by trifles, in which, when I had taken them to him, I subsequently found blessing, and I began to inquire of the Lord why it was thus.

I thought that I might have omitted to read one of these papers; but, on looking at the date, I remembered that it was a very interesting number; and as I held it prayerfully in my hand, it struck me that I had possibly overlooked something that the Lord intended as a blessing for me. I carefully perused the first page or two, when my attention was arrested by the account of a blind boy learning to read by means of raised letters. I had read it all before, but I could proceed no further. The Spirit of the Lord most clearly said to me —

"Send him eighteen-pence."

I replied, "Lord, I know not where he lives."

I sat quietly waiting, and it was brought to my mind that I could forward the money to a person living in or near the same village, and that thus it would reach him. A text was given me to inclose, which I wrote. I addressed an envelope to the person who should forward the stamps, and proceeded to direct one to the blind youth himself. One or two very common envelopes lay before me, but my hand was on a good one with a deep mourning border. I reasoned that the common one would do equally well, and laid the other aside. Hastily completing the matter, I sought a messenger to post my letter.

In vain. The rain poured in torrents. But rain or sunshine was of little account to me; a desolation of spirit had fallen on me, which no sunshine could dispel. Amazed and afraid, I inquired, as I often have to do, "Why is it thus with me?" "Had I not done the Lord's will in the Lord's time?" Yes. But had I done it in the Lord's way? I took the letter

from the mantle-shelf, and opened it. There was the text as given — the stamps my loving Lord had permitted me to send. Something was lacking: what was it? It was the best envelope.

I argued, "The blind boy cannot see it." Nay; it was for the Lord.

At last I thought, Can it really be that the Lord wishes me to use the best envelope? Then I was willing to be a fool for Christ's sake; and I was able to say, "Lord, it is a little thing; but it is better to do it, believing it is thy will, than miss thee by not doing it." Accordingly I addressed the long black-bordered envelope to the blind boy, and again inclosed it.

Then the earth-mist of unbelief floated away before the light of the Sun of Righteousness, and my heart was glad. Before the post time a messenger was found, for the rain had ceased. My letter was posted, and I rested peacefully on the Rock of my heart.

It was bread cast upon the waters. About two months after this, in a season of great

depression from trial and temptation, a dear servant of the Lord called on me. I was not in the house; but the servant sought me, saying a stranger had called, and that he could only remain a short time. I went in full of hope. I knew not why. I felt sure the Lord would comfort me through his own messenger.

After we had spoken a little, he said, smiling, "So you have a correspondent at K——?"

"No," I replied; "I have none there."

"That is strange," he answered; "I thought I knew your handwriting. I was in a cottage there one day, and among the papers and letters in the casement I saw a black-bordered envelope. This attracted my attention, and I said to the woman, 'Who is your correspondent?'"

"'Ah, sir,' she replied, 'that is a wonderful answer to prayer. Poor Leonard has his "blind books," you know. He has almost all the Testament now, and he wanted a box for them. The carpenter said that he would make him one for fifteen-pence. So Leonard prayed to

the Lord to send him the money. There came this letter, as you see, with eighteen-pence in stamps and this text, which was indeed for him. We don't know the name; but Leonard always prays for his "friend in London."' "

Precious, precious return! a flood of thanksgiving rushed through my clouded heart, and carried doubt and distrust away.

The gracious Teacher who was molding my ungracious heart was gathering up the blind boy's prayer. "Fear not, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

"What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?" Song of Solomon, v. 9.

"Saw ye my soul's Beloved,
The faithful and the true?
Tell him I seek him, sighing,
Longing to see him too.

"Tell him, oh, tell him for me,
His steps I cannot trace;
I pine till he restore me
The sunshine of his face."

"Who is thy soul's Beloved?
And whither is he gone?
Why charge us thus? We know not
Thy lost beloved one."

"My Love is white and ruddy:
Who can his charms declare?
The chief among ten thousand,
And altogether fair.

"I slumbered in the garden,
I wandered from the way,
I lost the light that led me,
My joy has passed away.

* * * * *

"I sought him in the broad way,
In the city's streets in vain;
Returning to the valley,
I found my Love again."

By visible and by invisible means the Lord answers the need of the heart. His resources are infinite, and he loves that we should believe they are so.

A few years ago my faith was tried by the agony of a bereaved mother weeping for her first-born. Grief had blinded her eyes to life's daily duties and to God's tender love. In vain I sought to comfort her; it was human comfort; the words fell on her ear, but never touched her heart. She only realized her darling in the grave, and sighed to behold him again.

At last one evening I felt I had been seeking to console her myself, and had not carried her grief to him who is the Comforter. I prayed

him that night to soothe and comfort her in his own way; for only he who made a parent's heart so tender, and knew the treasure he had gathered, could minister to her overwrought mind. I left her for the first time at the mercy-seat. The following morning she met me with a smile. She told me that in a dream of the night she had beheld her child, bright and blooming as before the brief illness which carried him to his rest. He drew back the blue curtain of the sky, and smiling upon her, told her she must wait a little longer patiently, and that then they should meet again.

I was touched by the gracious pity that fell on the sorrow of a mother's heart; and she learned another lesson of heavenly love, and *was* comforted.

She knew her child was safe with Jesus. There was no assurance needed for that; nor would a dream or vision have strengthened her conviction. Bright was the testimony of the power of the life of Christ in her son, a boy of twelve years of age. We had only to track his footsteps *here* to know his resting-

place *there*. O bruised and bleeding hearts! seek ye the pierced hand of Jesus, who came to bind up the broken-hearted and comfort all that mourn. The sympathy of the Lord is full and free, and unlike our niggard gift of love to others.

There was a Christian girl who had a friend to whom she was tenderly attached. The foundation of that friendship was the only one that never fails — it was knit in Christ. The means of instruction were scant around them, and the two young witnesses stood alone in their families, helping and encouraging each other on a way beset with difficulties. The one with whom I was acquainted was assailed with temptation, partly on questions as to the separate state — a wile of the Evil One to draw her from her simplicity, and entangle her in vain philosophy.

She proposed to her friend, that in case of the death of either of them, if still together, they should mutually strengthen each other by making known any consciousness of glory beyond the grave.

She said to me, "My dear Helen fell sick soon after. Great was my grief. In the few weeks during which she was rapidly fading, her growth in grace was so visible that I know now that the Holy Ghost was her teacher. She told me that she was thankful for her illness, as it left her more alone with Jesus, and she could now pass much of her time on her knees.

"I did not realize that I should lose her, or know how my heart would be drawn from my dying to my undying Friend. She grew suddenly worse. I was sent for at her request, and when I entered the room I saw that she was greatly changed. She lay motionless, without evidence of life. I feared that she had passed away, and I had not been near her to receive her last look or hear her last word.

"After long waiting her pulse again beat. A faint color appeared on her lips, while her face literally shone like an angel's.

"She turned to me, and said in a clear voice, 'I have been to heaven! but I shall remain here a little longer. Such nearness to

Christ have I experienced! such views of the atonement! It is impossible to speak of it or describe it.'

"I said to her, 'Remember, Helen, if you see or know anything of the glory as you leave me, let me know.' 'I will,' she answered solemnly; 'it is a covenant between us.'

"She appeared better; but I returned home, heavy at heart to leave her.

"Before many days had passed, drawn by the force of our fond eternal affection, I again returned to her. As I had feared, my beloved friend was suddenly worse. Convulsions had seized her. Her end threatened to be one of terrible sufferings. Vainly her nurse and some of her family sought to dissuade me from witnessing them, as I could not relieve them. I took my place by her side; the convulsions ceased; she became calm and still; I bent over her; she smiled sweetly, and said, 'No valley; no shadow.' Then all was quiet.

"'All is over!' said the sister, trying to lead me from the bed. Nay; for me all was not over.

"She lay still and motionless; every pulse had ceased. The nurse closed her eyes.

"I knelt beside her, and took in mine the deathly hand which lay lifeless by her side.

"Amid my sobs of anguish I exclaimed, 'Helen! Helen! do you know me? Do you remember our covenant?'

"Never can I describe that moment. The eyes that had seemed closed for ever now opened again. She gazed in my face. That look I shall never forget. Such eyes, I should think, have the angels before the throne. In a sweet, distinct, most thrilling voice, she said,

"'*I am just entering heaven!*'

"Her eyelids fell; her lips closed; all was still; she never moved again."

God in his pitiful love to the tempted one had sent her friend back to show heaven in her face. Like Thomas, we can only say, "My Lord and my God!" "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed."

Who shall limit the love and power of the Holy One of Israel, "who giveth not account

of any of his matters?" "For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." Job xxxiii. 14–16.

The eternal Father is God, and not man: He meets the poor and ignorant, and them that are out of the way, with that Divine love we are so slow to believe, and of which we are so cruelly suspicious.

One day I was in great sorrow over the backsliding of a dear brother. I felt as if Satan stood by to resist every effort I made to help this wanderer.

During a night of special prayer and many tears, the word came to my mind, "If thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God." I took my Bible to comfort my heart with God's blessed promises, and I opened at John xi. "Thy brother shall rise again."

"Said I not unto thee, if thou wouldest *believe?*" Blessed promise! I did believe; but

it was not an abiding belief. I looked on the waves of circumstances, and not on him who ruled them. All without was dark; and I, more sad-hearted and dispirited, listened to the tempter's voice, "Hath God said?"

I sat in the garden praying to the gracious Comforter to comfort me, and to deliver his wandering child. As I prayed I received strength to take God at his word.

My eye was attracted to a spider's web on a rose tree near me in the sunlight. A poor fly was caught in the mesh; the more it struggled, the deeper it was entangled. I felt fascinated, so that I could not withdraw my eyes. The great black spider in ambush was ready to destroy his victim. All hope seemed over, when a blast of wind rent the prison in twain, and the bright-winged captive flew by me in freedom. Then I praised the Lord.

Six long years of waiting, with the promise given me often conned, and the picture of the broken web often before me, when lo! the stone was rolled away, and he that was dead came forth.

"My Father! I thank thee that thou hast heard me."

A day or two after this blessed assurance of life was given me, I received a letter from a Christian friend, and she gave me for my portion—"Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"

I did not apply it at once, yet the words deeply impressed my heart. But in the nightwatch the word came again, and I was led back step by step through my hopeless unbelief, my cruel doubt of God's faithfulness, my ready ear to the tempter's voice, the night of weeping, and the morning of hope, when in a parable the Lord wrought out his loving promise; and, in tears of joy and mingled shame at my own unfaithfulness, I again exclaimed—

"This God is my God for ever and ever! He shall be my guide even unto death!"

"*Only believe?*" O wondrous words,
That wake the doubting soul's dull chords!
'T is Jesus pleadeth thus.
"Only believe!" O Lord of light,
Help us to watch for thee by night,
Who watched long nights for us.

Thou art "the same," though faith is low;
From thee the streams of mercy flow;
Jehovah Lord! "The same"
To-morrow, yesterday, to-day:
Unchanged thy word with us shalt stay,
For Faithful is thy name.

The Holy One of Israel is not limited to time or place or circumstance; it is the natural understanding that limits him. Often has he opened my ears in the night season, and sealed instruction for myself and for others who were on my heart. The following dream influenced my spiritual life, and, as I have spread it before the Lord, light has dawned upon it, and it became a teacher leading me to profit.

I was alone in sickness among strangers. All probability of my recovery at this time was over. I had only one desire, to bear testimony before the world as to what the Lord had done for my soul, and to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. I looked with complacency on increasing weakness; and the longing of my soul to be with Him who had redeemed me, hid from me the blessed privilege of serving and suffering for him on earth.

I had no desire to return to life, and its snares and conflicts. I feared that if health should be renewed, I might dishonor him who had done such great things for me. I had yet to learn that the Saviour from eternal death was the Saviour from sin — the great High Priest, the ever-living sacrifice.

In a vision of the night I was sailing alone in a dark vessel over the wild murky sea, heavy clouds above me, the wide waters around me. As I proceeded the sky became brighter, the waves calmer, and I beheld in the distance the faint outline of a headland jutting into the ocean. As I neared it land extended far and wide before me. Every moment it was more clearly discernible. Most beautiful was that calm sunlit shore.

I felt my voyage was over. As my tempest-tossed bark neared the coast, more and more of the glorious land opened on my sight. I saw angelic forms awaiting me; but I only thought of One whom I saw not. My foot was on the prow of my boat. With a rapturous shout of joy I was about to spring on

shore, when from out a glory-cloud above me came forth the hand of a man. It pressed gently but firmly on my breast, so that I was impelled backward to the seat I had quitted. Then it was withdrawn. My boat returned to the ocean, under the lowering sky, and into the chill atmosphere; and the "delightsome" land receded from my view.

"*Go back and save others*," said a sweet and sonorous voice. The oars were placed in my hands, but I plied them so feebly that the boat seemed to lie motionless like a log upon the water, and I said mournfully, "I make no progress."

Then I beheld a huge vessel strike upon a rock. It went to peices. Hundreds of people were drowning: many clung to floating spars; some battled with the waters, then sinking were seen no more.

A sharp anchor was cast into my heart by an unseen hand; to the anchor a long cable was attached, which floated far and wide upon the waters. One after another clung to the cable. I could not see the way I was going:

I seemed stationary, and again went up my cry, "I make no way."

Then I heard a voice saying to me, "Look back, and see how far you have come."

I obeyed, and in the distance saw the wreck, which was fast disappearing under the billows. I gazed upon the faces of those who looked up to me in eager wonder, clinging to my cable. With every stroke of my oar the anchor grappled deeper and deeper into my bleeding heart. Then I struck back with my living freight to the sunny land. As the surpassing glory broke again upon my sight I awoke, and found myself still in the body of sin and suffering.

From that day I date the new light which broke upon my heart, on the privilege of living here, that the will of the Father may be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Shall unbelief limit the tender fellowship of the Son of man, who saith, "Without me ye can do nothing"? And shall our natural understanding, and the adversary of souls, insinuate that there are occasions too trivial for the consideration of the God of the whole earth?

My service — for I would still recognize it as service, though it will appear mean to other eyes — has been principally carried on in wayside watching, or in a chamber of suffering, in weakness, in strange places, and in solitude, or under what appeared unpropitious circumstances. Did I regard the result of my labors I should be weary, and faint by the way; but it is impossible to estimate here how much we have been allowed to do for the exercise of our own faith, and how much will be visible to the reapers. Enough if we have sought only the will of Him who has called us to follow him. The wise father may command his son to wield his hammer on the granite rock. Day after day the feeble stroke may become stronger yet the granite receives but a few faint marks, that a graver's chisel might have traced. Complainingly he points out to his father that he has made no progress; yet still he proceeds with what seems profitless labor. The father finds him patiently at his work, with muscles developed and healthy vigor bracing his frame: then pointing to the sinews of the arm that

have obediently performed the task enjoined, he smiles on him. That smile is sweeter to the heart of the obedient child than without it would have been the sight of any monument of granite that might have been wrought.

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." The fruit must spring from the root: "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent."

I have dwelt upon this, in consequence of receiving the often sorrowful complaints of my dear brethren and sisters, mourning the decay of their usefulness, and regretting that the afflictions with which the Father has visited them have withdrawn them from the busy field. The vine does not labor, it gives forth its fruit. The Lord does not prune and dig about the wild thorn, but about trees of his own right hand planting.

One of my readers may exclaim, "We have no need of dreams and visions to teach us."

I answer, "Shall not the Lord do what he

will with his own?" The Lord *chose* to manifest himself in this gracious way to me. It may be said, we have no need of the fair blossoms that every season make the earth glad and bright; no need of the sweet endearments of loving kindred, and the unnumbered blessings that fall upon our way.

Oh, may he manifest himself how, and when, and where he will!—in dreams by night and in parables by day; in his written Word; in his providence; in the strokes of adversity and the sufferings of this mortal body. "Sirs, we would see JESUS."

CHAPTER IX.

THE GREAT ADVERSARY.

What shall we do, that we might work the works of God? Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.

JOHN vi. 28, 29.

WHEN the Lord claimed Paul as his own, the first words of the stricken Pharisee evidenced his desire to do *the Lord's* will. In persecuting Christ in his people, he has been doing his own will long enough. The Lord at once commands as to the first step, and gives promise of further direction: arise, and go into the city." "I will show him how great things he must *suffer for my sake*," was the next beam of light upon the ministry of the apostle of the Gentiles. The "secret of the Lord" was with the chosen vessel, and he could offer himself in the fullness of confiding affection. He had heard the voice of Him who spake as never man spake; and then he could say, "I am ready not to be bound only,

but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, is chosen to serve tables; but he "did great wonders and miracles among the people," and "they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake." Not only were the tables served, and the truth declared by word of mouth — a prophecy of no smooth things; but we are at once shown the enmity of the world to the Holy Spirit, for the hearers were cut to the heart, and gnashed on him with their teeth. Had he sought to please man by interesting his auditory, or flattering their intelligence, they had not stoned him to death; nor would he have been enabled to look steadfastly into heaven, and see the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. The Lord needs *witnesses* in this present evil world. Much fruit is not recorded as the result of Stephen's last sermon, though he laid down his life for the preaching thereof. But what had he done? — the *will* of Him that sent him. And that witness for his Lord and Mas-

ter has been blessed to millions of souls, and will be blessed to millions more. Like his Lord, he prays first for his murderers; and the result is, the gospel proclaimed far and near by word of mouth, and the power of the same Spirit felt, by one at that time a Pharisee of the Pharisees — a young man named Saul. "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be *witnesses* unto me," is the last promise of the risen Saviour.

In these last days, when Antichrist is rampant, with infidelity and spiritualism on one hand, and Romish superstition on the other, we need to test the subtle work of the Evil One, who is stealing on us as an angel of light, to deceive, if it were possible, the very elect. "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." In the ark of the covenant there was no place for man's theology: the law of the Lord alone was there. In the heart of Jesus there was only room for God: "I delight to do thy will, O my God:

yea, thy law is within my heart." "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord, and my servant whom I have chosen; that ye may know and believe me, and understand that I am he." Ps. xl. 8; Isa. xliii. 10.

It is not given to all, like Peter, to preach, and then to see three thousand converts as the fruit of their sermon; or, like Stephen, to be stoned for the faithful delivery of his Master's message; but it is given to all to take up the cross daily, and follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

"Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you *friends*." John xv. 15. This was not spoken by the Lord to the multitude around, nor to his mother and brethren who stood without, but to those dear companions of three years' ministry who sat about him. "Behold my mother and my brethren; for whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." Matt. xii. 49, 50. That we may know his will, and do it, we

have the infallible guide of his Word, the promise to the single eye and the pure heart. "When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice." John x. 4.

If the Holy Spirit guides you to follow the Lord in action, you may expect that obstacles will arise in your path. These may appear of little consequence when you yield to them, but they will become the beam in the eye that shall mar the vision, and in the end will bring forth disappointment and pain.

Satan will not present to you what he would offer to the worldling: it will be some form of "good works" that shall draw you from the path of simple obedience in which the Lord has called you to follow him; or it may be some trivial act that will appear of little importance whether you do it or not. He will place before you a natural enjoyment that shall lull you to slumber, when you need special vigilance; or tempt you to a weak yielding of principle or action, that the natural understanding translates as being "all things to all

men," to lure you from the path of simplicity in which you desire to walk. Give not room for temptation; no, not for a moment. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

We are long in learning what a fertile field of temptation is open to Satan in the mind and the imagination. The wicked spirits in heavenly places do not war with worldlings, but with the Christian soldier who is looking for victory in the strength of our great Forerunner within the veil. We may have taken one step in dependence on the Lord, and the result may be very different from that which we anticipated. Discouraged and disappointed, if we seek not the sanctuary of the God of Jacob, we become an easy prey to doubt and distrust. The Accuser injects fear into the mind. And if we do not put on the whole armor of God, we are again brought into legal bondage. The eye of faith is taken off the object of faith, and fixed on self. This is an unsatisfactory centre, and leads far from peace. "In me ye shall have peace."

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul!" Christ

is thy wisdom. Those very events which you are deploring, and on account of which you have been led faithlessly to say "It cannot be of the Lord," are perhaps the very circumstances which were to spring from the step you took.

I am not supposing a case of needless action, but one of watchful, prayful seeking to do his will. Self-judgment is one thing; the accusation of the enemy of souls is another. We look to the mercy-seat; the blood is there to cleanse. But if you look for certain positive results as the fruit of the step you took, marvel not that you are disappointed.

The Lord has promised that we shall know his will. He has nowhere covenanted that we shall understand *his way*. His command is "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." This commandment is exceeding broad, and embraces every possible contingency. It is not in much pondering on results, or in much serving, that Satan is kept at bay; but by a simple, child-like dependence on a faithful God and Father.

The gracious Lord, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, has taught me, at various seasons of my spiritual life, through his hidden ones. And often, in solitary places, when I have longed for Christian fellowship, he has guided me to some one as lonely as myself, through whom I have been instructed. At such a season he once led me, after many days of prayer, to a cabin on the roadside, so rudely constructed with planks, that in passing I wondered if it were inhabited. One morning I reached it. The door was ajar, and, looking in, I saw an aged woman, whose back was towards me; she was peeling potatoes. On one side of her was the kettle, into which when prepared she dropped them; on the other side was the basket; but before her was an open Bible, into which she glanced from time to time as she proceeded with her work. Near her was a girl of about eight years of age.

I watched them for a few minutes unobserved, then gently placing my hand upon the woman's shoulder, I spoke of Him whose mes-

sage of love lay beneath her finger. The simple wisdom of her reply made me glad in the Lord.

I asked to whom the child belonged.

"To me," she answered; "she is my grandchild."

I said to the child, "Do you know that your grandmother is the daughter of a King?"

The old disciple bent her head backward, and looking in my face with a beaming smile, answered,

"Thou also art one of them; for thy speech bewrayeth thee."

"The royal family are poor here."

"No," said my bright-faced friend, "no; we're *rich* now, rich now. My Father owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and every beast of the forest is his."

She had been feasting on the bread that cometh down from heaven, and her face told of whom she had been taking sweet counsel.

When I saw her again it was no longer thus with her. She was greatly depressed. She had been ill, and sorely buffeted by Satan.

She replied to something I had said on Satan's devices to stumble the saints:

"Yes, I know that it is sin that makes my sorrow. Satan is like a dog; if you leave the door ajar, he puts in his head; and then, if you do not shut the door, he puts in his paw; and if you don't get up and slam the door, he gets in his whole body. Ah, ma'am, I don't slam the door in his face. I wish I could always do that. Just as often I open the door, set a chair for the Evil One, and let him be seated."

"Be of good courage," I said; "Jesus has overcome him, and you will overcome in his strength."

"I have been thinking," she said. "I have been very ill, and could not get up, and so I have had a good deal of time to think, you see. I am come to the conclusion that there is nothing like a child of grace in me."

"That is Satan at the door," I said, trying to draw her from her sadness.

"No, ma'am, no," she said despondingly, "I am not a bit like those good old martyrs. I said to myself last night, when I could not

sleep, 'Now, I say I love God; now would I *die* for him? Would I be sawn in two, or burned on a gridiron, or with fagots in the market-place, or be torn in pieces, for the faith that's in me?' No!" repeatedthe poor old woman, shaking her head sorrowfully, while her wan face told how real had been the conflict. Satan had put in his paw.

"Has the Lord called on you to be burned in the market-place, or to be torn in pieces?" I inquired. "If so, be sure that he will give to you, as he did to his martyrs of old, grace to witness for him. Dying grace for dying hours. 'Without me ye can do nothing.'"

"I see it!" she exclaimed joyfully, "I see it!"

And Satan ceased to fight, for the harassed dove was resting in the bosom of redeeming love.

CHAPTER X.

TESTIMONY.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not know me?—JOHN xiv. 9.

NEVER yet was a soul born again of God to be placed in such a position that fellowship with Jesus was unattainable. That would be to deny us the only solace here, the brightest hope for eternity. What can compare for a moment with the favor of the King's countenance? The smile of Jesus is a foretaste of that bliss which we look to enjoy as an everlasting portion. It is LOVE that makes the pilgrim's home of glory. It is not the promise of "no more pain" to the sick, nor of ties of earth re-knit to the mourner, that constitutes the bliss of heaven. It is that which makes our delight here—the unclouded presence and companionship of a risen Lord and Saviour.

When, commissioned by their Lord, the mourning women went forth to tell to his dis-

ciples the glad tidings of his resurrection, the disciples treated it as an idle tale, and believed them not. Nevertheless, this did not invalidate the fact. Those who were most interested in the matter ran to the tomb, notwithstanding that the women had proclaimed that Jesus had risen. They desired to assure themselves that it was no fabrication of excited feeling, but a confirmation of the promise so tenderly spoken to console them, had they but believed. Mark xiv. 27, 28. Their heavenly Master, having foretold their denial and desertion, did not withdraw his love. He continueth faithful.

To the travelers to Emmaus he appeared in "another form;" but it was the same Jesus. Mark xvi. 12. They had equally to endure the rejection of their testimony, as the women had done, because that testimony embraced a clearer revelation of the person of Jesus than others had then received. Oh, if their hearts burned within them by the way, how was it that they wist not that it *was* Jesus? Who besides could open their understanding to un-

derstand the Scriptures, which testified of these things? Having once felt him near them, how could they willingly part with this blessed companion of their lonely way? Well might they pray him to "abide" with them. Was he hard to be entreated? No! When did he yet leave the soul that drinks life, and joy, and strength from his presence only?

While the friends of Jesus were receiving only the testimony of others they doubted. He had been long time with them, and yet they had not known him. John xiv. 9. They journeyed with him as a stranger; they spoke of the things which had been done, but not of his words, which should have prepared them for what had happened. But he communed with them. He lets them hold him by their loving constraint. Song of Solomon, iii. 4. He breaks to them the bread, the hallowed token, his divine legacy; and then indeed he is recognized as their ever-living God and Saviour. Ah, then they waited not to discuss with the multitude, who knew him not, whether such things could be. The fire within

their own breasts witnessed with whom they had walked and talked.

Dear soul, do you believe that you may be so satisfied with the companionship of Jesus, that earth's passing pleasures cease to win a desire after them? If you have a Friend fairer than the children of men, one whose lips are full of grace and truth, you have a more powerful magnet than the world's fascinations. Do you believe this? Or do you aver that this companionship is a theory of the imagination only? Look well to it. Such a thought is not of God, but from the father of lies. You may cavil at my words; but search the Scriptures, and seek this communion experimentally. If you are as sincere as Thomas was, go to the Lord himself, and he will solve your doubt. Why give the half-hearted assent that brings neither rest to yourself nor glory to your Lord? Why not be a vessel sanctified and meet for the Master's use? He is as willing to give His presence now, as when in the morning twilight on the shores of Tiberias he invited the toiling disciples to leave their

nets, exchanging for them that companionship which he desired more than themselves.

The blessing of the soul that believeth lies in fellowship. Sin is the one only circumstance that can destroy it. There are days when our eyes may be holden that we cannot see him; but we must look for him and expect him. The Lord does not call us to the warfare at our own charges; and the difficulties which sometimes seem to obstruct the path in which we have sought to walk with him are but answers to former prayers for patience and meekness. But we must believe that he is willing to remove the obstacles in our way, or enable us to overcome them, as shall be most to his glory.

I have never committed the least matter to him that I have not had reason for endless praise. Praise which I have begun here, for the results which he has allowed me to see, and praise which I feel assured is to be eternal, for what I shall see hereafter.

The infidel will say, there are certain laws which will be carried on, whether you see

them or not, whether you pray or not. When Christ says he is Wisdom, and that all things are mine, I understand that wisdom is mine, and I may seek it. How can I, a poor helpless worm, think to direct the smallest matter in any wisdom of my own? The poison of death is on everything that was made good and beautiful in its time.

How often has some evidence of his tender care humbled and brought back the wandering heart, while the expected chastening has passed by! There glided in the beam of His sweet compassion. His voice has whispered, "I have not forgotten thou art dust; I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

We fondly prize the expressions of affectionate remembrance from a beloved friend in another land — seeds, perhaps, of a foreign flower we are to rear on English ground — a text written out for us — some handicraft of busy fingers, not of much worth in others' eyes, and valueless to those who, it may be, neither know nor love the beloved one who so fondly remembers us. To us they are treas-

ures. We read therein the love that designed, and the care that accomplished all for us. How humbling it is to remember, that while the vessel which conveyed the gifts was speeding on its way, we were untrue to or forgetful of the giver. But this is fallible love, love that to-morrow may change, which doubt or suspicion may at least have clouded. God's love changes not — it is everlasting. "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ." You who have proved this testify in your daily walk that you have to do with a living God. All power is given unto him.

In so far as you keep close company with the King will your conversation declare plainly that you seek another country, even a heavenly. He who rejoiced in the habitable parts of the earth, and whose delights were with the sons of men, Proverbs viii., rejoices over the new creation now. To all that he has received from the Father he bids willing hearts welcome. He longs after that fellowship with his people which the evil heart of

unbelief alone prevents the soul born of God from enjoying.

Why forfeit one hour of heavenly communion for any earthly mess of pottage, however sweet to nature, — whether the snare come in the form of active work of our own devising, or some meaner pleasure over which we are left to weep bitter tears? No matter what it is that you have discovered to hide his beauty; even if it *seem* lawful, it must be placed in his hands. If it is of the flesh, take it to him, and he will consume it, and deliver you. No matter what it be, take it to Jesus. Let nothing rob you of your joy. He is able to save to the uttermost. He knows how to deliver you out of temptation, so that you may walk with him in the light, cleansed from all sin.

Have you not experienced circumstances and opportunity leagued against you on account of some besetting sin? and has he not been faithful and given you power to cry, "Let me not do this great wickedness and sin against God?" And he *has* delivered you; and he has made a way of escape, and

cheered your soul with tender sympathy. "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." 1 Cor. x. 13.

If you are one with Christ, then you expect to reign with him, to share his glory eternally, and you desire his fellowship *here*. Have you counted the cost? There are temptations in the wilderness. You may have to watch with him through midnight hours, with no earthly friend to bear you company. On the road there may be Gethsemanes you never dreamed of. There is the cross, from which there is no escape. Will you turn aside from following Jesus, when *he* will be the companion of your way? Will you not in his strength take on you the easy yoke of the will of the Father and learn of him who carried it before you?

The simple faith that works by love will keep the bright hope of your calling before you. You will center all your delights in

him, and realize his delight in you. Legal bondage is incompatible with fellowship; for the fear of the Lord is to hate evil, — not the fear of a slave toward his master, nor of a culprit toward his judge; but the fear of the Lord is strong confidence, and his children shall have a place of refuge.

Fellowship with Jesus lies not alone in pleasurable emotions; you must learn it in suffering and in service. Have you, out of your full heart's happiness, babbled some of its sweet secrets to one who knows not their preciousness, and been met by the cautious doubt and scorn of a fellow-traveler? Those who live contented with knowing very little of the Lord, who has laid down his life for them when enemies, Rom. v. 8, will treat the idea of his companionship as a chimera, and the breathing of his Holy Spirit in the temple of his praise as fanaticism, or as an idle tale.

Fear not! You are only learning to walk in a path he has already trodden. When the people said, "Thou hast a devil, and art mad," neither did his brethren believe in him. "Bless-

ed" are ye who are thus reviled, for *he* has pronounced it. You will press closer to his wounded side, and say, "Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Let your words be few. The power will live in your life. Christians who are content with externals will not comprehend that divine strength which arises from intercourse with him. But guard it jealously. Amid the storms of earth, it will keep your heart fixed, and yourself at peace, without one desire for those palling pleasures that find a place in the hearts of lukewarm Christians.

Yet conceal not the fruit of the land, be faithful to the light he has given you, for "to him which hath shall be given." The day may not be distant when others also may long for a better portion; and though they now despise the pleasant land, and disbelieve the word of the Lord, yet some day they may whisper, "Let us go up." He who was your shield shall be your exceeding great reward. Fear not! speak of that good land which the Lord our God doth give us. Oh, tell them of that "land

of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." Let them hear that "the Lord thy God he is God, the faithful God, that keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him." "For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them." Ps. xliv. 3.

Think not that in this walk of faith all the trials, and conflicts, and afflictions, of the wilderness have come to an end. The old Adam is not dead, though dying daily; but his last groan will be the first note of the song of triumph: "Death is swallowed up in victory!"

The fruit of sanctification springs from the root of redemption. Love to him who bought us will not wax less fervent if he permits us to learn how sore are the wounds from an evil heart of unbelief. Whether this is taught at conversion, through the first deep waters of conviction, or whether it be by gradual expe-

rience, may differ with individuals; but this spiritual knowledge must be learned here. God knows what is in the heart of man; but he would have men learn something of it also.

The fiery darts of the Wicked One may assail the child of God, but "no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." Isa. liv. 17. No difficulty which seems to obstruct his path in heavenly communion, but shall in the end prove how "good is the Lord." Thus we learn that the God of the hills is the God of the valleys, and the place of weeping becomes the valley of blessing.

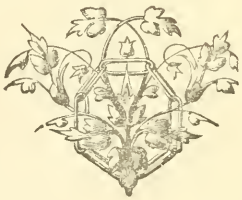
Nothing can supply the place of secret communion — deep realized intercourse with the Friend of sinners and the King of saints! Stint not yourself of this privilege. Neither teaching, nor preaching, nor works; neither books of devotion, nor communion of saints, can supply this loss. No commentary on his holy Word can bring you the fresh glory of the light he gives direct from himself. It is the bread broken and given by his own hand for your daily sustenance. Meditate upon it,

then will it be your delight, and you will be able to say, "How sweet are thy words unto my taste: . . . therefore I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right." Ps. cxix. He has promised to manifest himself to us, as he doth not unto the world. Shall we not take God at his word, and believe in him who has said, "Lo, I am with you alway"?

As there is deeper anguish than language can express, but which is communicated sympathetically, so there are deeper foretastes of the fellowship of Jesus, which is hereafter to satisfy us, than can be told by words. You must yourself taste of the sweetness to understand it. But shall any therefore delay entering into the state of rest?

Do you ask for a joy that shall never perish? — a hope that will never wax dim? Do you sigh for an interest that every day shall increase and deepen, and a peace passing all understanding? Place your hand in the pierced hand of Jesus, and walk with God; for "truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."

"I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." Matt. xi. 25, 26.



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